THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1752

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUGUST 19 1933

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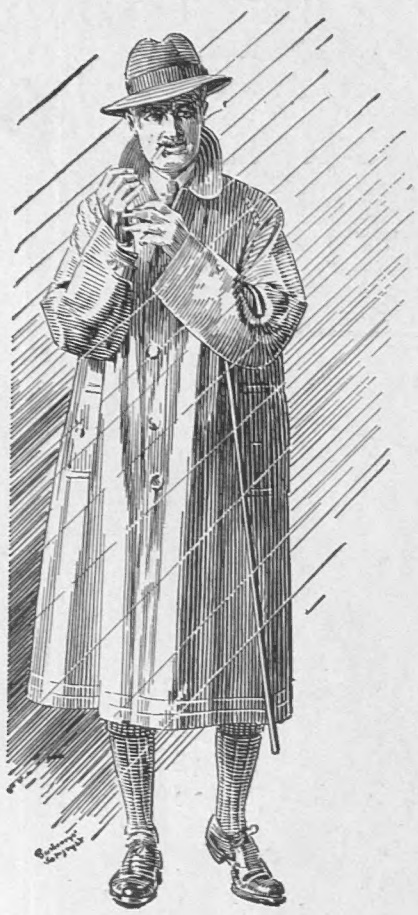

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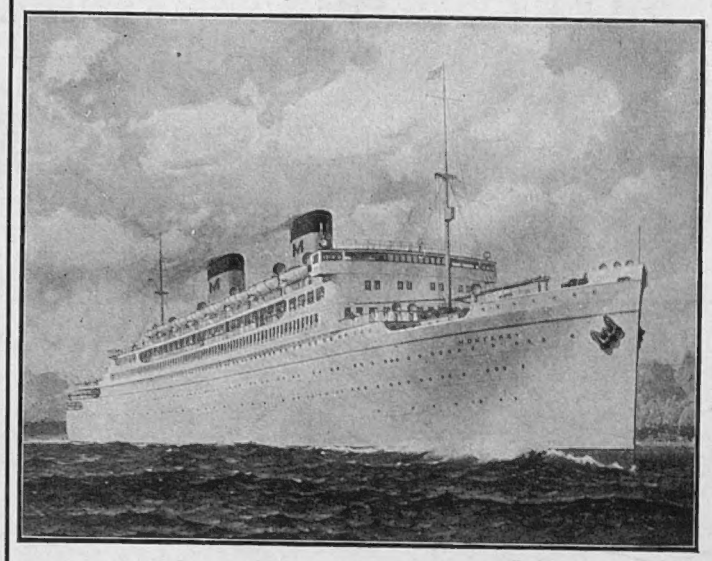

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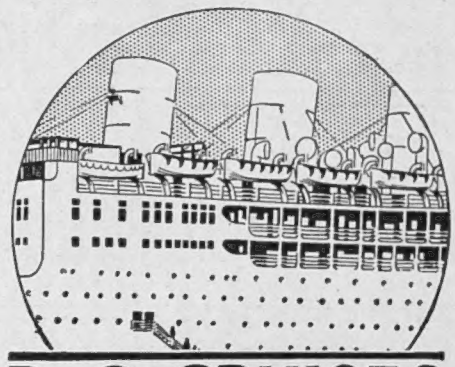

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 19, 1933

THE FIRST GROUSE OF THE SEASON

Sir Michael Malcolm in the Butts of Sir William Burrell's Shoot at Mayshiel, Berwickshire

With London, from a society point of view, but a shadow of its July self and the opening of grouse shooting, Scotland once again becomes the centre of interest and activity. Good hatchings, strong coveys, and no disease, have clearly brought more people to the North than for many years past, and, judging from the latest reports, sport has been well up to expectations. With an excellent autumn heather crop and weather conditions normal, the birds wintered well, while the young grouse were greatly assisted by an ideal summer. In spite of the drought there is no doubt that coveys are well up to and, in many cases, above the average, while on some moors the birds are reported to be much stronger on the wing than usual. In the above picture Sir Michael Malcolm is seen in the butts of Sir William Burrell's shoot at Mayshiel in the Lammermuir Hills, Berwickshire. Standing next to him, and in the approved style, is his loader waiting for the vital change-over. The technique of the butts is, of course, a matter of the greatest importance, for it is the perfect combination of shooter and loader that often bags an extra bird

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A ROYAL CHURCH PARADE: The King and Queen and Prince George were watched by a large crowd of holiday-makers as they left Sandringham Church last Sunday after attending the morning service. Their Majesties are spending the rest of the summer in Norfolk and afterwards will be going on to Scotland

A LONDON

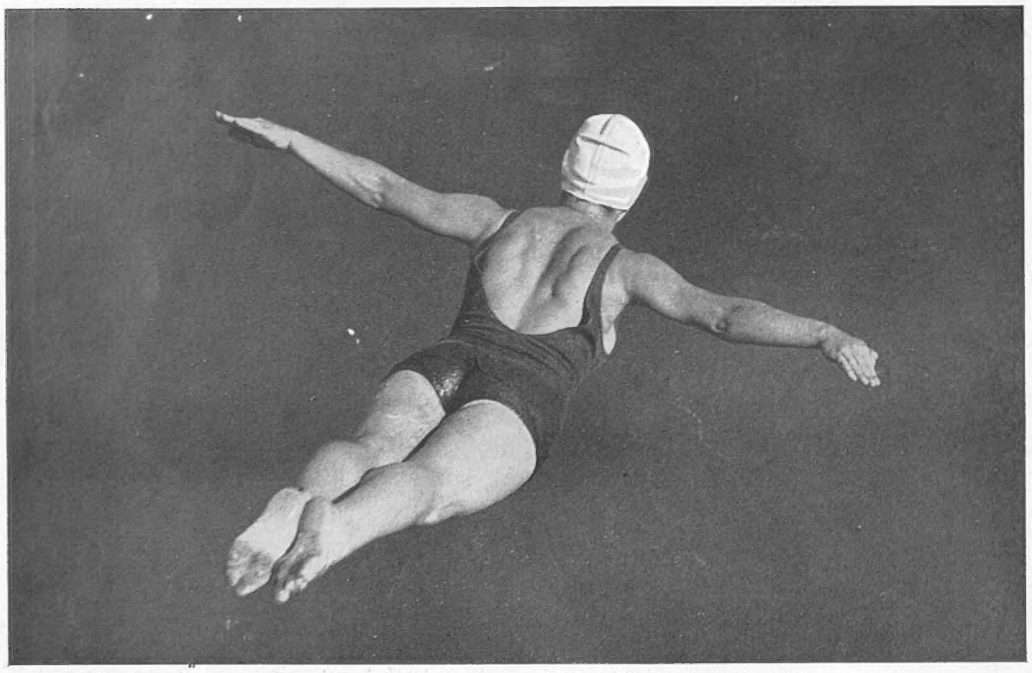
346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 16, 1933.

THE OLD STAGERS.—

For eighty-eight years (Postumus, oh Postumus!) the Old Stagers have thrown their pail of clean, cold water on the fevered foolishness and fashionable follies of society. For three generations the spirits of I Z. and the Old Stagers have kindled the flame of laughter below the rubbish heap of human folly and frailty, and filed their annual record of "business done." The season 1932–3 has been the season of Conferences par excellence: delegates eternally doomed to sit round a table and, discussing anything and everything, to settle nothing—the modern flying Dutchman, the still more modern wandering Jew. The pleasure cruise is another topical fashion to be pilloried and chalked up. And, of course, sport comes in for more than its fair share of notice. Body-line bowling was a certainty, and the Hitlerisation of sport gave fine opportunities for the Old Stagers' favourite weapon, the antiquated and ever appreciated pun. Then there is the new high-brow policeman with a University degree and the writer with a mission to improve social conditions. Nothing escapes the lynx-eyed spirits—nothin‹ that can yield up a laugh and a moral. Once every year in August I grow proud of my pen-name, so chancily, so lightheartedly, assumed a dozen years ago.

A USEFUL MEASURE.—

Rural district councils possess a variety of powers which they sometimes abuse or neglect; but they are apparently deficient of one power which is today vitally needed by them. That is, the power to control and regulate summer camp and hutment sites. A Bill is now prepared by the R.D.C. Associations acting with the Minister of Health which, if passed, will give the necessary powers. No one wants to regulate the genuine camper's activities in regard to hygiene. He and those responsible for semi-military camps are experienced, and their first care is the perfected hygiene organization of the wild. But the Cockney and black-coated caravanner are in different case, and need inspection, as the get-rich-quick owner of a shore-side field needs checking. The black coat caravanner is sometimes the worst of litter fiends, and his slogan "All for self and the devil take those who come after." The whole coast-line of England is being transformed, without control or plan, into bungalow and shack towns, inhabited only in summer. The residents' amenities and even rights are recklessly sacrificed by a few local profiteers. The other night I walked down the main avenue of a new bungalow city, towards the shore. Looking into the lighted windows of one of the shacks I saw two couples in evening clothes (the men in white waistcoats and white ties) dining in great formality. The two rows of pretentious "villas" are entirely deficient in sanitary arrangements. There is not a sewer in the city. Occasionally a covered cart comes along and performs its unsavoury duties. Imagine the condition of the city when the summer population flits and leaves the coast to the unhappy residents. Sometimes this country is worse governed locally than Hottentotland. Despite the high rates it is "go-as-you-please."



THE SWALLOW DIVE: A "bird's-eye" view from North Berwick—a favourite Scottish resort

The reader will find in this issue the concluding article on Scotland's position to-day. It is of a milder tone than the first, but both are at pains to assert the youthful character of the supporters of the mental stirring which the writer describes. Certain leaders of the movement, whether bearded or clean-shaven, can scarcely come within this category, but this point is perhaps less important than the phrases which the author employs in connection with Scotland's possible future. "A unit in Europe again," "Her place among the smaller States of Western Europe." These ideas find varied expression in the Scottish Press; there is a tendency to gird against the "auld" enemy, forgetful of the fact that there is in the opinion of many an enemy across the border who may have real designs upon Scotland whereas none exist in other directions. A letter in the "Scotsman" which appears contemporaneously with these articles in "The Sphere" comments on the Irish invasion and suggests that advances are being made towards the Highlanders by a Celt and Gaul appeal. At the present time, the feelings reflected by our author appear to exist in certain defined camps, while all around are wide areas content with the idea of Great Britain

COLOURED SHIRTS.—

If the League of Nations in session could agree to ban the wearing of coloured shirts by men, the task of governing the various nations of civilization would be made much less difficult. Turn to your history books and assess all the trouble which has been caused in the near and remoter past by men in red shirts and orange shirts and tan shirts and black shirts and brown shirts. And now blue shirts! The choice of colours is narrowing, and General O'Duffy selects blue as the colour bar to the peaceful evolution of a United Ireland. The youth of the civilized world appears to be sharply divided into two loyalties—plain white and coloured shirts; and in the matter of trouble it is penny plain and tuppence coloured. Those who wear white shirts give little trouble to Governments (though Mr. Thomas has exceptionally been worried by the body-line controversy). They boil over on such questions as "body-line bowling" or "single service." But the other camp which goes in for coloured shirts is a serious menace to smooth government and to political and economic rehabilitation. The pity is that all the males of the human race under thirty cannot be content to remain flannelled fools at the wicket and to play at ball, leaving to their elders the task of playing providence. We have Mr. MacDonald's word for it that the younger generation of adults is incompetent to judge calmly in the graver issues of social and political life. I used to think that the passion for ball games had been carried to excess. Now I am certain it is insufficiently developed. What we want is a solid and universal army of white shirts which the arrival of winter will automatically disband with the coming of north-easterly winds and the need for overcoats and mufflers.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.—

In these days of multiple biography, it is rare and refreshing to read the life story of an historical personage whose romantic career has been little documented. How the Wittelbachs, who ruled Bavaria for 800 years continuously, so largely escaped the keen noses of biographers, I do not know. The careers of the three Ludwigs, of Otto and of Maximilian II, who all ruled in Bavaria, have been always the vaguest legends in England, yet their lives were crammed full of romance and eccentricity too fantastic to be invented by fiction writers. Therefore, Mr. Henry Channon discovered a gold mine in his *Ludwigs of Bavaria*, which I read and re-read and recommend to any stragglers who have not kept up with the van of book-readers. Mr. Channon's prose is lucid and lively. He has given himself a clearly defined brief and he never goes outside it. To that extent his picture of Ludwig II is one-sided, but it is so lucid and so brilliant as to be utterly convincing. His writing is literature, but it is also the divine pattern for all journalism. What a reporter, what a leader-writer he would make!

COUNT GEORG VON
Eisner, the Germa
were the central figure
known episode i
and which is now
non's remarkable b
Ludwig

MID-VICTORIAN!!—

Strange and unbelievable that in mid-Victorian days when Elizabeth of Austria was hunting in the shires, when Queen Victoria was in the close retirement of widowhood, when Tennyson was writing "In Memoriam" and Gladstone and Disraeli were fighting their battles, there ruled in Munich a king more fantastically romantic than Monte Cristo, more wildly absurd than Tarsan. This Ludwig II, who turned night into day and decreed stately pleasure domes to rise on every hill top and lake isle in Bavaria, who worshipped Wagner and in turn assumed the characters of Pericles, of Nero, and of le roi Soleil, poured out the rich resources of Bavaria

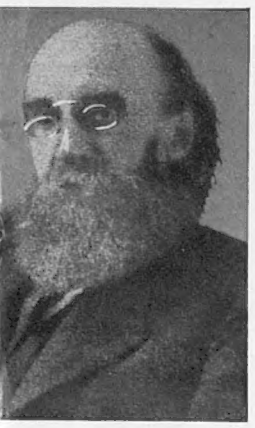
NEWSLETTER

THE PROCESSION OF BARDS at Wales' great National Eisteddfod at Wrexham. In the centre of the group is Mr. Hannen Swaffer, who carries the appropriate bardic title of "Voice of the People"

to pay for his follies and died lamented by his loving people in our own day, after bringing into being by his own act the German Empire. And though he lived into my own lifetime, his strange, incredible history was not the end of honest Bavaria's romance. In the first post-war revolutions, the assassination of Eisner by Count Arco is another unknown page of medieval romance about which the average educated Englishman to-day remembers (nay, knows) nothing whatever. Mr. Channon's notable book alters all that. There is nothing in fiction so breathlessly exciting. And the Wittelbachs are a family which it is useful to know something about. I fancy they will provide the next European throne with its occupant. Its heir and representative is Rupprecht of Bavaria—that wise, restrained prince, beloved by all Bavarians and half Germany, and King also (across the water!) of our own fair country.

CLUBLAND MORALITY.—

The West-end clubs are now taking in each other's washing. Some are in curl papers, some in brown holland, some in the decorators' hands, and some giving hospitality to the stragglers from moor and seaside whose own clubs are shut up. And all clubland is wrestling with a problem which grows yearly more grave. I refer to the "purloining"—not to use an uglier name—of circulating library books. A score or more of current volumes from the circulating libraries are weekly "laid on the table" of all West-end clubs for the use of members, and it is common experience among club secretaries to find that 20 per cent. of these library books are "missing" week after week. Some turn up again; they are found hidden behind library bookshelves, concealed in and under beds, packed "carelessly" in still open suit-cases.



RCO (left) and Kurt ocialist politician, who n an amazing and little- avarian post-War history, lled in Mr. Henry Chan- aphical account of *The f Bavaria*

Let me say at once that no suspicion rests on visitors from other clubs. It is in every case a personal problem. Every club is forced to admit that its own members cannot be trusted with the club library books, cannot be trusted to behave with ordinary honesty. You would say that a club composed largely of cabinet ministers, high diplomats, leading soldiers, barristers, architects, bishops and deans, could be trusted in such a matter. But assuredly it cannot. Every device is tried and all have failed. Notices are displayed everywhere, the books are dressed up in special uniforms, watch is kept on them, and still the purloining goes on. Hundreds of library books have been made away with without trace in Pall Mall and St. James's Street in the past summer, and these petty crimes begin, as all petty crimes begin, without malice aforethought. The purloiner, held up at a thrilling point, hides the book lest another snatch it and forgets to restore it; or thrusts it into his suit-case intending to return it on the morrow, and instead it drifts to his private bookshelves . . . But it is none the less—purloining, and the thing is becoming a scandal and a disgrace to once dignified and respectable clubland.

DON'T SHOOT . . .—

In Germany, where the "short way" is the usual method of achieving reform, they put the responsible officials of broadcasting in prison. But such methods are not for us. On the contrary, the directors of B.B.C. programmes and policy are still at large and confidently engaged in planning the autumn campaign. They condemn us to a further series of uplifting political talks. Mr. Baldwin, of course. He has the perfect radio delivery and voice; he is so dependable; his manuscript will hardly call for editing; and he will clothe in so many words as can be uttered with becoming gravity in fifteen minutes, some new and inspiring idea: e.g., "Those who only know England, do not know everything about England"; or, "Long experience of political life seems to indicate that a nation's strength is derived from unity." And then, of course, since the B.B.C. is first and foremost impartial, old papa Lansbury will ladle out his sob stuff, and young Sir Stafford will, under supervision, pick out the words of his essay on the coming millennium not obliterated with blue pencil marks. Nothing if not fearlessly impartial, the B.B.C. direction designs to fill the burning minutes, when the long autumn evenings begin to draw in, with these popular political talks, reflecting every shade of political thought in this country of free speech. There will be, as I have said, Mr. Baldwin (so safe) and Mr. Lansbury (so sentimental) and Sir Stafford (so daring) . . . and Mr. Churchill? Well, no. One must draw the line somewhere. Even the impartiality of the B.B.C. breaks up on that rock. Mr. Churchill refuses to play the game. He obstinately insists on saying what he thinks and not what he thinks the B.B.C. thinks the nation ought to think. But Mr. Churchill will console himself. Radio has shown up political oratory as centuries of Hansard have failed to do. The last politician to broadcast will be the last of the Parliamentary orators. In addition to these popular political talks from all angles, there will be debates on political economy and vaudeville programmes and (it is hoped) a new series entitled "In Europe—Now"; and some new plays written specially for the microphone and mercifully inaudible. These things are being planned by the B.B.C. while their German brethren languish in gaol. "This blessed plot, this England."

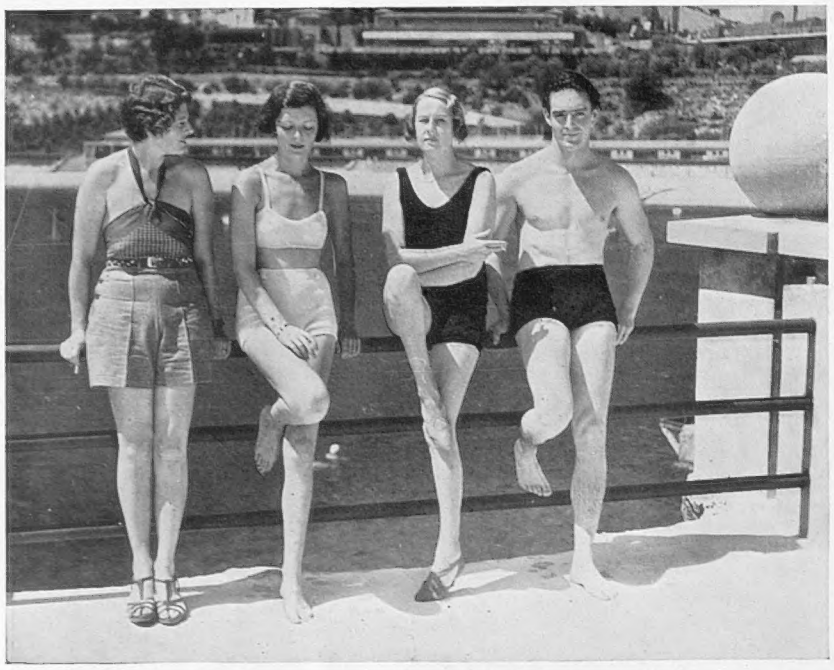
THE WELWYN HUNT.—

Ninety-eight out of a hundred of the population—which this year has been encouraged to believe that Providence has the interests of the workers in its keeping, since every public holiday has broken sunshine records—elected to abandon themselves to the holiday spirit and put graver thoughts away. Even at Welwyn, where the Socialist Summer School kept its annual term, the slogan was change at any price, but only at Welwyn was the holiday spirit deficient. Here Mr. Brockway offered himself and Sir Stafford and old man Lansbury, or one of them, as joint masters or first whip of that pack of hounds which in the dog days, year after year, hunts capitalism to a horrid death over the cliffs of old England. It is but a midsummer dream. The capitalists themselves begin their hunting again every year when the weather is cooler. But the Welwyn Hunt goes best in the dog days and needs all the heat it can get. And in truth my simile is a bad one. Capitalism is no fox hunted over the cliff edge. Rather it is a carted stag, carefully preserved and re-boxed against next August Bank Holiday, when the big banks are nationalized and all other items in the coming millennium are decided upon.

THE OLD STAGER

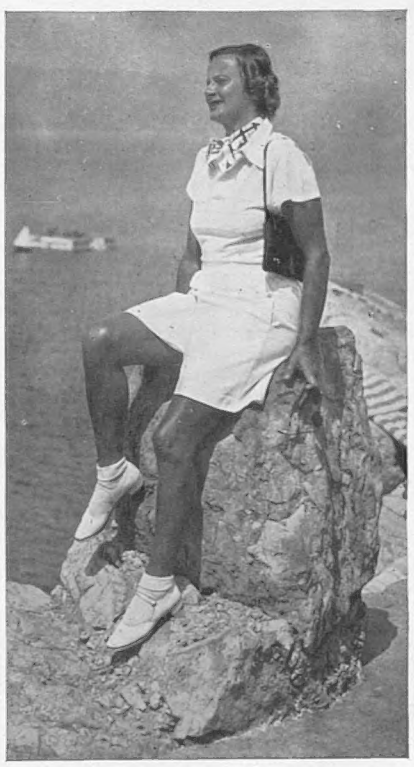
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"—THE ARMY'S PROBLEM: Two members of the 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment wearing the much-criticized uniform which is being tried out at Brigade Manœuvres at Aldershot with a view to its permanent adoption as the normal active service dress of the British forces. The head-dress on the left, although remarkably comfortable, is considered in some circles to be hardly in keeping with the traditions of military smartness. Both men, it will be noticed, are wearing open-necked shirts

A WEEKLY RECORD



SNAPPED ON THE RIVIERA: The Countess of Brecknock, the Countess of Warwick, the Hon. Kay Norton, and the Earl of Warwick enjoying the southern sunshine. Lady Warwick's marriage was, of course, one of the events of the summer season

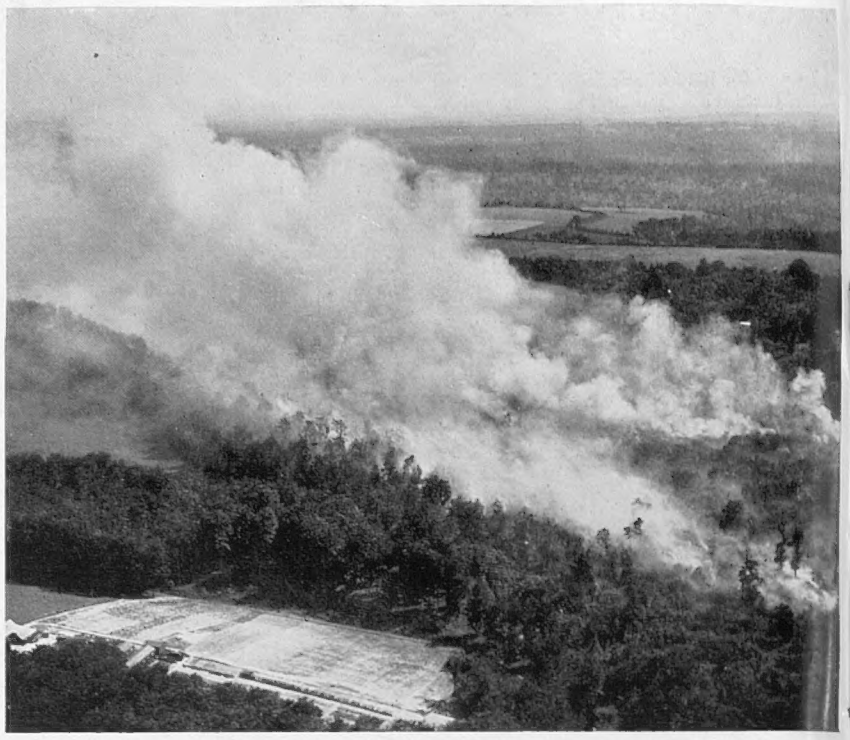
FASHION'S FIGURE: A becoming one-piece bathing costume seen at Deauville. The bright sash admirably setting off the wearer's figure was much admired on the board-walk



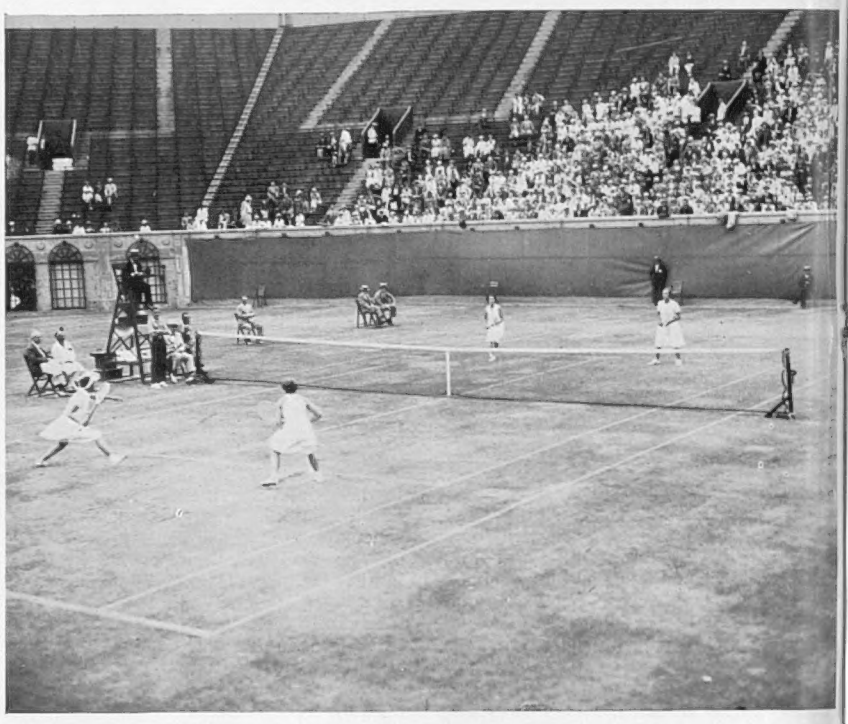
"DONE TO A TURN": Miss Marjorie Dueske, a notable German visitor to the Riviera, seen at the fashionable sunbathing and swimming resort at Roc Eden

SUN-WORSHIP ON THE RIVIERA

Members of the famous Ziegfeld Midnight Follies rehearsing a new dance in the open air at Monte Carlo, where they are one of the attractions of the summer season which promises to raise the spirits of hôteliers



SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE! An aerial view of last week's great conflagration at Heath End near Henley-on-Thames, where a large tract of woodland was partially destroyed



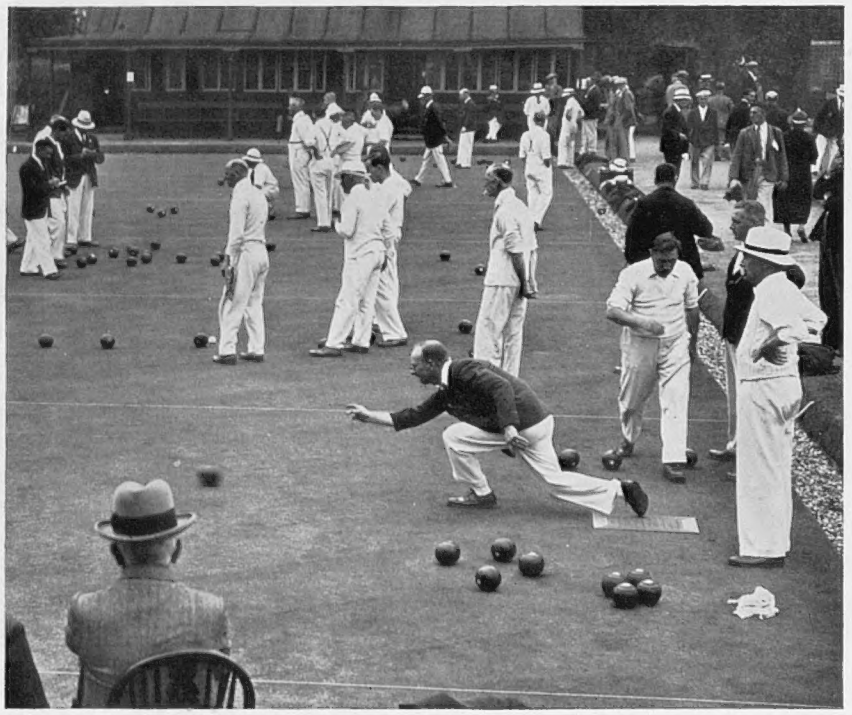
THE SPARSELY ATTENDED WIGHTMAN CUP: Miss Dorothy Round and Miss Mary Heeley (foreground) playing Miss Sarah Palfrey and Miss Helen Jacobs in one of the Wightman Cup Doubles matches. The American pair won

THE REVEREND CYRIL LEONARD CRESSWELL arriving at the Savoy Chapel, where he has been appointed chaplain

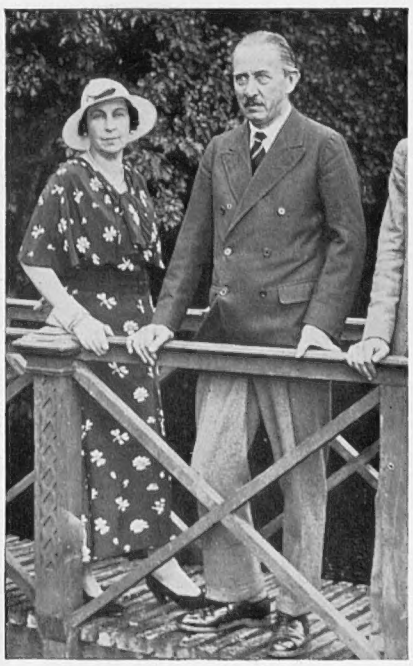
A CHAMPION MATCHED: Mr. C. B. Cochran with Kid Berg, the boxer, and Miss Bunty Pain, one of C. B.'s Young Ladies, after their wedding last week at Princes Row Register Office

# of CURRENT EVENTS

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A remarkable picture taken at Lyme Regis this week when a violent thunderstorm was followed by an almost tropical downpour. The forked lightning was incessant for some time



A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: Play in progress at the Amateur National Bowls Championship at Brownswood Bowling Club, Green Lanes. This London scene is typical of the great popularity of bowls



BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO MOSCOW: Lord and Lady Chilston, seen in the grounds of Chilston Park on the eve of departure

"INDIA'S BUGLE": Mr. Winston Churchill addresses his constituents at Theydon Bois, Essex, on the subject at present uppermost in his thoughts

THE FIANNA FAIL LEADER AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: President de Valera sitting between Lord and Lady Powerscourt in the Royal Box at Ball's Bridge. On the extreme right is Mr. F. A. Sterling, the United States Minister to the Irish Free State. Lord Powerscourt is President of the Royal Dublin Society

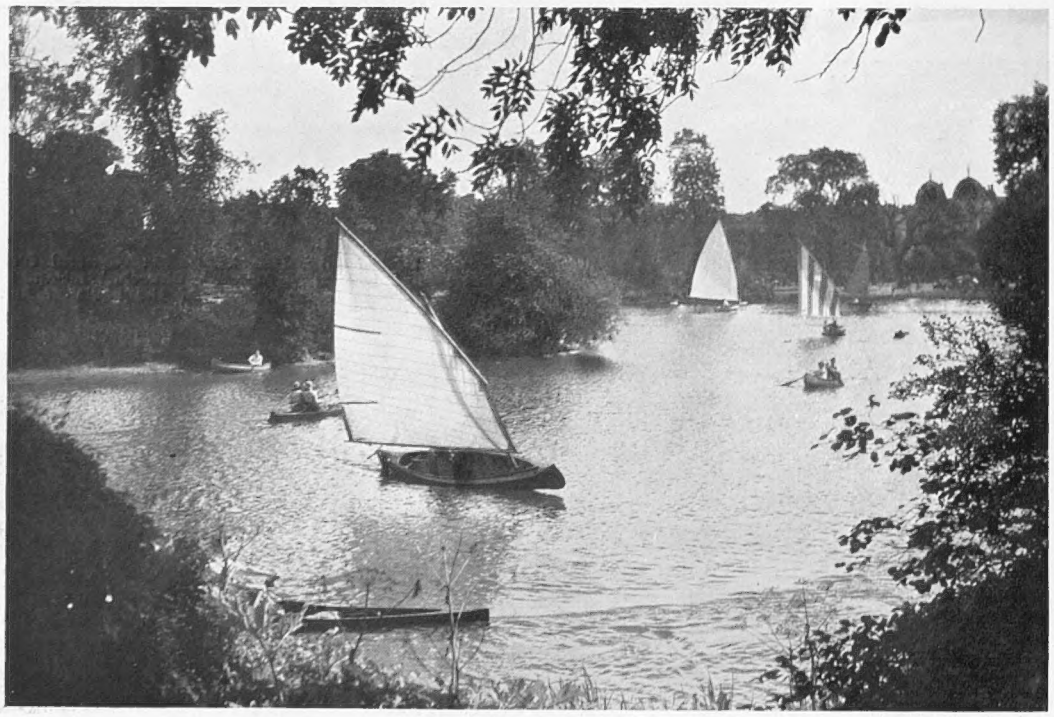
THE DANCE OF THE "BLUE SHIRTS": A significant group taken at the dance given by General O'Duffy and his brigade of "Blue Shirts" which was the occasion of some trouble outside. Seated in the centre are Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrave, while on the extreme left and right are General O'Duffy and Mr. James MacNeill

MASS IN DUBLIN IN HONOUR OF IRELAND'S DEAD LEADERS: General O'Duffy (centre), leader of the "Blue Shirts," leaving St. Andrew's Church, Westland Row, after the annual commemoration Mass for the repose of the souls of Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, and Kevin O'Higgins

TENSITY IN DUBLIN

A police cordon drawn up across the entrance to Leinster Lawn, Dublin, during the commemoration Mass to the founders of the Irish Free State

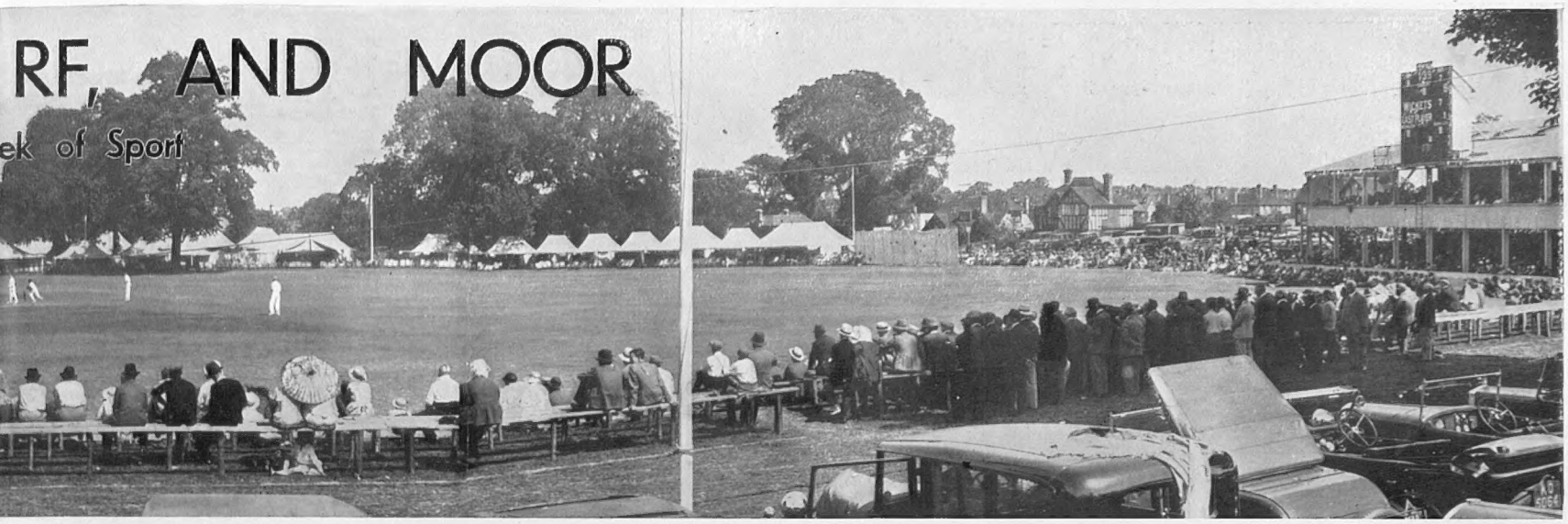
THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH: Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, with Mrs. James Weir, and the Hon. A. Vanneck with Lord Weir, setting out across Fenwick Moor, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, on the opening day of the grouse shooting season. There is every reason to expect a "bumper" year as weather conditions were reported favourable after an excellent hatch



ONE OF LONDON'S MOST REFRESHING SIGHTS during the heat wave was the lake in Regent's Park—the haunt of many a City worker who found it impossible to get away for the week-end. These trim sailing craft were in great demand

COMPETITORS IN THE INTERNATIONAL MODEL YACHT CONTEST AT FLEETWOOD: On the left is Colonel Denistoun's yacht, *Glengarry*, which won the £500 trophy from thirty-five competitors

One of Britain's lesser known sports that is making tremendous headway these days is that of model yacht racing. At Fleetwood last week, where the International Championship was run off, no fewer than thirty-five yachts took part before a large audience of holiday-makers and model yacht experts. The chief challenger was the American-owned *Vania*, which early in July qualified for the United States Championship at Port Washington, Long Island. The long run of British successes, however, was maintained with the greatest ease by Lieut.-Colonel Ian Denistoun's *Glengarry*, which during three days of exciting racing clearly demonstrated its superiority against all comers. The American champion, although putting up a fine performance in the light



CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: A general view of the Kent v. Derbyshire match in progress. Large crowds turned up for the occasion and were fortunate in seeing the home county score a decisive win, those two stalwarts, Woolley and Freeman, being right at the top of their form and dominating the game throughout. Woolley, in his delightfully free style, scored 72 in the first and 161 (including five sixes) in the second innings, while Freeman averaged 6 wickets for 30 and 6 for 82. The game ended with Kent 160 runs to the good, but not before L. B. Blaxland and Pope had given a really enjoyable display of hitting in a last despairing effort to save the match

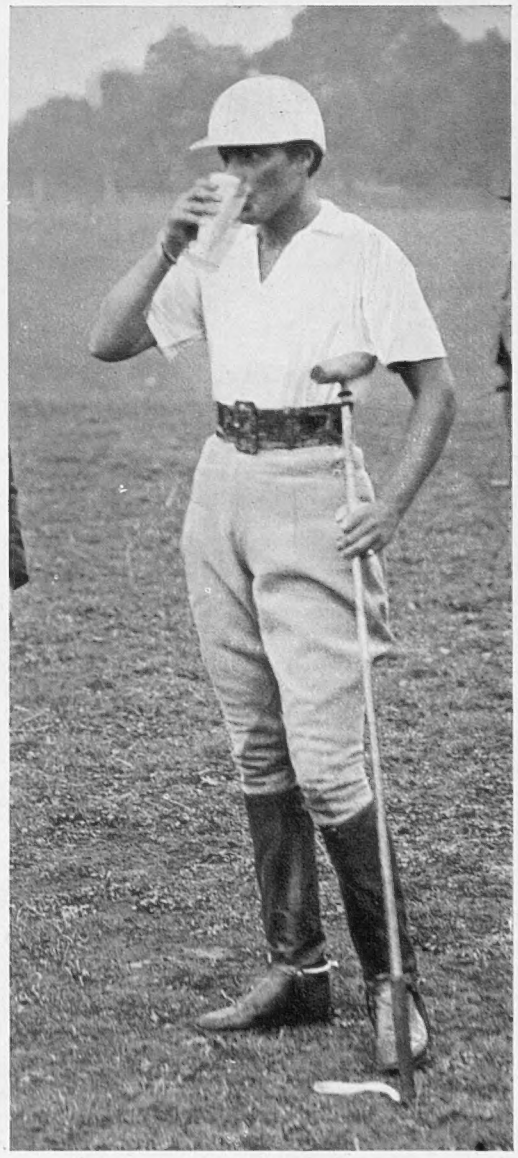
HOT WORK: Climbing the hill at Sir Albert Whitaker's shoot near Glenalmond. Another picture taken on the opening day of the grouse shooting season

WHEN THE BROADS MIGHT WELL BE WIDER: A crowded scene at the start of the race for Norfolk dinghies at Potter Heigham Regatta. Many hundreds of holiday-makers, who had turned up for the event, lined the course in their yachts and motor boats

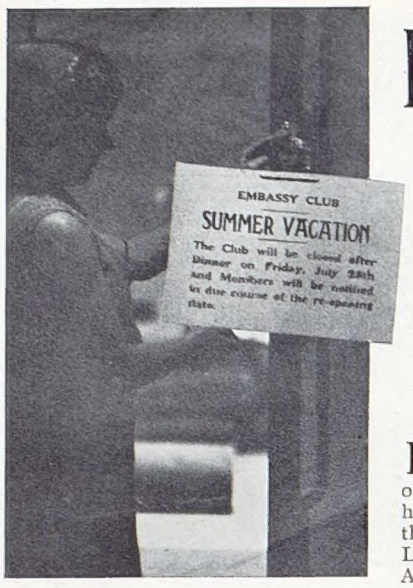
MR. GEORGE BARON of Chicago (right) with his one-metre American champion model yacht *Vanja*, and Captain Tom Malloy with his yacht *Minerva*. The *Vanja* was easily beaten in the final of the International Race

breezes of the first day, failed to hold its own under faster sailing conditions and in the concluding stages was badly outpointed.

As the above pictures testify, these beautifully constructed model craft, which average about 6 ft. in length and carry about 1,600 square in. of sail, are built on much the same principle as full-sized yachts. They must, however, sail unaided while on the water—a task under varying weather conditions which demands perfect balance if they are to maintain a true course. The sport, which is purely amateur, is, if possible, even more popular in the United States than in England. President Roosevelt, during his less busy days, was a great enthusiast and at one time sailed several of his own craft on the Hudson River.



BETWEEN CHUKKERS: Lady Priscilla Willoughby (left), captain of the National School of Equitation Ladies' Polo Team, having a welcome refresher during last week's match at Ranelagh against the Southdown Ladies. *Right*—Mrs. Henry Merckel, No. 1 of the Southdown Team which lost by four goals to one



INTERMISSION: A notice at the entrance of the Embassy Club announcing the Summer vacation

LONDON in the DOLDRUMS

When the Clubs are Closed and Mayfair Goes North to the Grouse Moors and South to the Sunshine — The Compensations of those that Stay Behind

By CHARLES GRAVES

For some reason or other nobody has ever told the truth about London in August. Some people pretend that it is entirely dead; in other words, that Mayfair's windows are shrouded in blinds, and that the pavements of Belgrave Square and Portman Square are completely deserted. It is true that one continually hears the mournful tinkles of unanswered telephone calls ringing desolately from many a shuttered building as one walks down the street. But it is almost as absurd to say that London is empty in August as to say that it is as gay as ever. Most of the leading London newspapers have a rule that no member of the staff shall ever say that the Season is over although there are annual comments on the beginning of a "successful" Little Season and the start of a "brilliant" London Season—in October and April respectively.

Those who say that London is crowded in August are numerically correct. Motoring out to Warwickshire the other day I passed a succession of charabancs pouring into the metropolis. The trains coming south were also crowded. But the ancient fact remains that after the Royal Garden Party in the last week of July the West End becomes rapidly depleted. Look at the restaurants. Members of the West End supper crowd sweltering in the South of France or pounding over the moors of Scotland will feel happy to hear that there is no queue of motor cars outside the Embassy Club in Bond Street. It is closed. Ciro's is also dormant for another month. The Café de Paris is closed. So is the Monseigneur. The indefatigable Quaglino brothers keep their doors open as proprietors of one-man businesses should. But all the best head waiters have left the country for at least a month. Some, like Sartori, have their own little summer-time restaurants on the Riviera. Others go to their favourite Margate, unless they return to the bosom of their families in their native Italy. To stay in London in August is for them still an immediate sign of loss of caste. For their clients, however, this is no longer the case. It used to be, of course. But that was before the slump. It was also before winter sports and West Indies cruises became popular.

There are any number of people I know who prefer to take their annual holiday in January or February when the snow in Switzerland is at its best, and Scheidegg, Wengen, St. Moritz, and the other ski-ing centres are crowded. As for the West Indies cruises, they have become so popular that Mayfair is far more deserted in January and February than it is now. It is made all the more noticeable by the fact that the dance clubs and supper restaurants still remain open then, although their tables are deserted and there are many more waiters than guests. In August at least half of the smaller ones shut, so the remainder still have a cheerful air about them. This cannot hold good, of course, with the big hotel restaurants. They perforce remain open.

Speaking generally, however, though August is still very dull in London, it grows increasingly gayer every year. More and more people stay behind and work, either because they have taken their holidays in January and February, or because they are waiting for September, which is even duller (in London) than August.

But what kind of life are we toilers leading now? Frankly, it is the first time since 1923 that I shall have spent more than a week here at this time of year; so it comes with all the freshness of novelty. First of all, there are no invitations to parties on the mantelpiece—obvious, but true. But if anyone rings up and invites you to cocktails, you will find that all your friends who are still here turn up *en masse*. They make no bones about being in London—unlike the poor old Dowager Lady ——, who died two years ago. She used to announce in the Court and Society columns that she had gone abroad, and then would retire to a back bedroom on the top floor of her town house, all the front windows having been duly barred and shuttered. To-day there is none of this nonsense. No excuses are made, or if they are, they are genuine ones—that it is a matter of expense or work which keeps them tied to London, or else, as I say, that they have already taken their holiday at the beginning of the year.

It is, of course, not always easy to get a game of bridge. Two or three telephone numbers have to be rung before a four is secured. But, unlike three years ago, it is not really very difficult. And yet there still occurs a strange feeling of friendship for those others who also have not succeeded in getting away yet. It is no longer a case of "Dr. Livingstone I presume?" But automatically you feel grateful that there are others who are doing the same as yourself.

At this time of year there are always articles in the newspapers advising you how to pass the time

MONSEIGNEUR CLOSED FOR AUGUST: When London is still crowded but not by those who patronize the big restaurants

in London. Whether or not their tongues are in their cheeks I do not know, but they suggest visits to the Wallace Collection or the Tower of London or the Zoo. That seems a lot of nonsense. The heat and the crowds there would be insupportable. Besides, most of us are working, and any spare time we have we can spend playing golf up to nine o'clock at night on the charmingly deserted golf courses near London, or motoring out in the cool of the evening to the various road houses which have sprung up in such numbers on every by-pass and arterial road.

Another of the advantages that London in 1933 has over London in 1923 is the number of places where you can lunch and dine out in the hot weather. The terrace of the Dorchester is as alfresco as anywhere in the South of France, and the roof of the Gargoyle on a starry night is as cool and refreshing as anything you can find in Paris or Berlin or anywhere else.

Besides, we who are in London have already tasted our first grouse, and somehow they are always plumpest and most delicious during the first few days after August 12. Another pleasure, and I mean it, is testing out the comforts and cuisine of the various clubs in St. James's and Pall Mall which are giving hospitality to our own while they are being closed for cleaning. It is a silly old fallacy to pretend that the change is not agreeable or that visiting members are scowled at by the others. Foreign travel has made Englishmen much less reserved and insular.

I have already made one or two pleasant new acquaintances and seen one or two clubs for which I have half a mind to put up. As I write, it is very hot, but I know that I have the choice of at least three private swimming baths within a mile of me, and there is always Cuckoo Weir at night if one can lay hands on a stray Etonian to act as compère to the party. Oh yes, there are a number of compensating advantages about London now. The tar on the roads may be sticky. Many of the streets may be in the hands of the excavators. But one can be sure of getting good seats at one's favourite cinema, and there is no need to book a table or a stall for a restaurant or a theatre. If you have friends on the stage you can always be sure of their company for late supper or early luncheon. The Savoy grill is as cheerful as ever, and so is the Ivy. If you are motoring, it is true that you have to be more wary than at other times of the year. The provincial and the foreigner are not quite so nippy on their feet when crossing a road as the native Cockney.

But at least you can discard your waistcoat either at night or by day. Soft shirts and soft collars with your dinner jacket are as fashionable as they are in the South of France, where a tail-coat is a sign of either a gigolo or a guest of royalty. In London at this time of year you have many entertaining experiences. This afternoon, walking up Bond Street, I was stopped twice within 50 yards; once by a young Parsee, and once by an elderly Scots woman, who both asked me what street they were in. In this stroll I passed at least half-a-dozen well-dressed men—well dressed as far as their trousers were concerned—who wore no sign of a jacket. Three small children clad in nothing but bathing dresses added variety to the scene. Incidentally, the much-talked-of taxi-cab strike seems to be having no effect whatever on the numbers available. Perhaps if the Season were at its height the strikers' absence would be noticeable. At the moment it is not.

So here I am in London—knowing that the people who have gone to the South of France could, at the moment, be just as uncomfortably hot in London; knowing too, that, willy nilly, I am saving a lot of money in railway fares, petrol, hotel bills, and tips.

Still, I shall not be sorry when to-morrow week dawns. Enough is as good as a feast wherever you may be. And by then the novelty of London in August will have worn off. I feel sure of that.

CHAOS IN PICCADILLY: August, when the West End is popularly supposed to be depopulated, is the month for road repairs, and the only time of the year when work can be carried on without unduly impeding the flow of traffic

THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON

THE "NEW" LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: A special "Sphere" drawing by Mr. Joseph Pike of Sir Herbert Baker's imposing additions to the superstructure of the Bank of England. On the left, and opposite the Mansion House, is the new National Provincial Bank building

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE: An impression by Mr. Joseph Pike of the east side of Trafalgar Square and the new South Africa House, the offices of the High Commissioner of the Union, which the King opened in June. This fine building is also the work of Sir Herbert Baker, the architect who has probably done more than any other to influence modern South African decorative taste

A CHINESE SCHOOL FOR JUVENILE ACTORS

A STAGE STAR OF THE FUTURE: A little girl actress takes the part of a sorrowing Manchukuan princess

HIS MAJESTY STROKES HIS BEARD: A young actor's idea of how a king would express satisfaction. One of a series of remarkable camera studies taken recently at the Chinese School for Juvenile Actors; they are taught from the age of six

THE ENRAGED HERO: A delightful, but probably never intended, interpretation of a familiar rôle

MAKING-UP: This young stage aspirant at the Chinese School is having the time of his life. The various colourings he uses denote the type of character he is about to portray. Green implies cruelty, black and white justice, and red a violent temper

AN ARTISTIC POSE: Each young actor is trained in his part by studying separately each pose he must adopt. Nothing is spontaneous

CHINA'S THREATENED EMPIRE

An Impoverished Province of Eastern Turkestan Towards which Soviet Russia is Looking in Her Search for Further Territory in the East

By P. S. Nazaroff

A French traveller who recently returned from an extensive journey through the Far East, penetrating into the very heart of Asia as far inland towards the West as Kashgar, has advanced the theory that the break-up of China is in full swing, that the budding-off of Manchukuo is only a step in the process of dismemberment that had already begun from the inside. The process began with the loss of the loosely attached outside provinces. Mongolia was the first to transfer its outward allegiance from the Dragon to the Bear. Manchuria is now firmly set up in business on her own under the protection of Japan, the only power in the world except Russia which knows exactly what she wants and is determined to get it. Which goes next?

The vast province of Sin Kiang, several months journey overland through Central Asian deserts from the nerve centre of China, inhabited by Moslem Sarts, Kirghiz, and Tungans, governed by a handful of Chinese officials, is the most loosely connected of the remaining provinces, ready to fall like a ripe apple into the hands of anyone who can catch it.

For centuries China has ruled here over a docile and apathetic population. On the various occasions when a native has succeeded in grasping the power he has always so fearlessly abused it that the wretched population have welcomed the return of the Chinese. Better King Log than King Stork, even if the latter does speak your own language. China holds it to-day as she has for centuries, with a handful of officials and troops, for the simple reason that no one else has wanted it.

Why should they? What attraction can there be in a country where a thin, poverty-stricken, ignorant, and backward population lives to-day the same life that it has lived from time immemorial, less civilized now than a thousand years ago? They eke out a bare living along the river valleys, in the ravines of the mountains and in places where, with inimitable patience, the land can be made workable by artificial irrigation. Yet they occupy but one tenth of the area of the province. The rest is composed of stony mountains, salt pans and deserts that have swallowed up the rich gilded temples, vast libraries, and abounding wealth revealed by Sir Aurel Stein.

A shabby exterior may conceal a heart of gold, and that is the case in Kashgaria. This land, so desperately poverty-stricken to the eye, contains in its dry and sandy bosom not only the wealth of the past but also untold riches for the future. For there is immense mineral wealth there. There are rich deposits of native copper of remarkable purity, worked in a primitive way by the Chinese for the mint in Kashgar. There is coking coal in abundance also worked in the most primitive fashion for local consumption, and numerous other minerals of lesser interest. Still more, there are oilfields the wealth of which can only dimly be guessed at. Last, but by no means least, along that remote mountain frontier which divides China from Tibet, the Kung Luen, are goldfields which have been examined by European geologists and are reputed in richness and extent to yield to no others in the world. They are not a recent discovery. They have meant the main source of wealth for Tibet, to say nothing of China, from time immemorial. Their repute reached distant Russia three centuries ago. Peter the Great prepared an expedition and in 1713 Trushnikoff actually reached Kuku Nor with a force and brought back not only important information but samples of the gold.

So the booty is attractive enough. What is to prevent the Bolsheviks from helping themselves? They are neighbours on the north, where the mighty rampart which encircles the province on all sides but the east is more gentle, for there are passes through the Tian Shan where a railway might be built with no great difficulty. And if a division of Russian troops were to march in who is there to stop them? The Chinese garrison? The suggestion is humorous. The local population? They are inarticulate and submissive. A relieving force? Who is to send it?

As a matter of fact, Kashgar has already been for many years economically dependent upon Russian Turkestan, almost a part of it. For a generation before the revolution, Russian influence was all powerful there, and the Russian Imperial Consul a more influential man than the Chinese Governor himself. The bazaar was flooded with cheap Russian goods and paper roubles circulated freely, sometimes even commanding a premium. Russian goods entered free of duty and Russian subjects were exempt from taxation and Chinese jurisdiction. Richer merchants traded mainly with Russia, and the poorer classes migrated every year to Russian Turkestan in tens of thousands, bringing back substantial earnings. Besides, the possibility of the appearance in Kashgar within four or five days of a regiment of Cossacks with mountain artillery, to say nothing of the constant presence at the Consulate of a cavalry guard of a hundred men with machine guns, had sufficient influence upon the imagination of the Chinese authorities, and compelled them to accept without murmur the "advice" of the Russian Consul.

The collapse of Imperial Russia and the appearance of the Soviet Government had heavy consequences for the inhabitants of Kashgar. Trade ceased, profits disappeared, earnings stopped, the frontier was closed; natives of Kashgar who had stopped in Russian territory lost their property, and hundreds of them also their heads. Often enough I heard the prayer, "Restore, O Allah, the White Tsar to Russia and all will be well." That was the song of the Chinese Republicans.

The wonderful rule of the Autonomous Socialistic Republic of Turkestan, which had brought their rich and prosperous country to ruin in the space of three years, brought about a reversal of relations. Instead of Kashgar looking towards Tashkend for prosperity, the Bolsheviks of Tashkend cast envious eyes upon Kashgar, where there was still corn in plenty, and cattle and sheep, where boots could be bought, and good home-made textiles, and even Indian and British goods. They did not bother their heads much about the ragged, starving population under

(Continued on p. 304)

ON THE SINO-RUSSIAN FRONTIER: A Chinese General, complete with top hat, inspecting a frontier post. This rugged and somewhat unprepossessing territory, as yet only partially developed, is said to contain minerals of enormous potential value. Hence the strict surveillance of the Chinese border officials

IN CHINESE TURKESTAN: A young woman of the Kirghiz area in full dress. In the distance are the lower slopes of the great mountain barrier of the Pamirs

THE AMBAN OF KERIYA: A Chinese official in a remote district of Turkestan standing on the steps of his residence with his infant son

THE DONKEY TAKES HIS TIME: A load of new spindles on their way to Khotan the famous centre of a thriving embroidery and carpet trade in Eastern Turkestan

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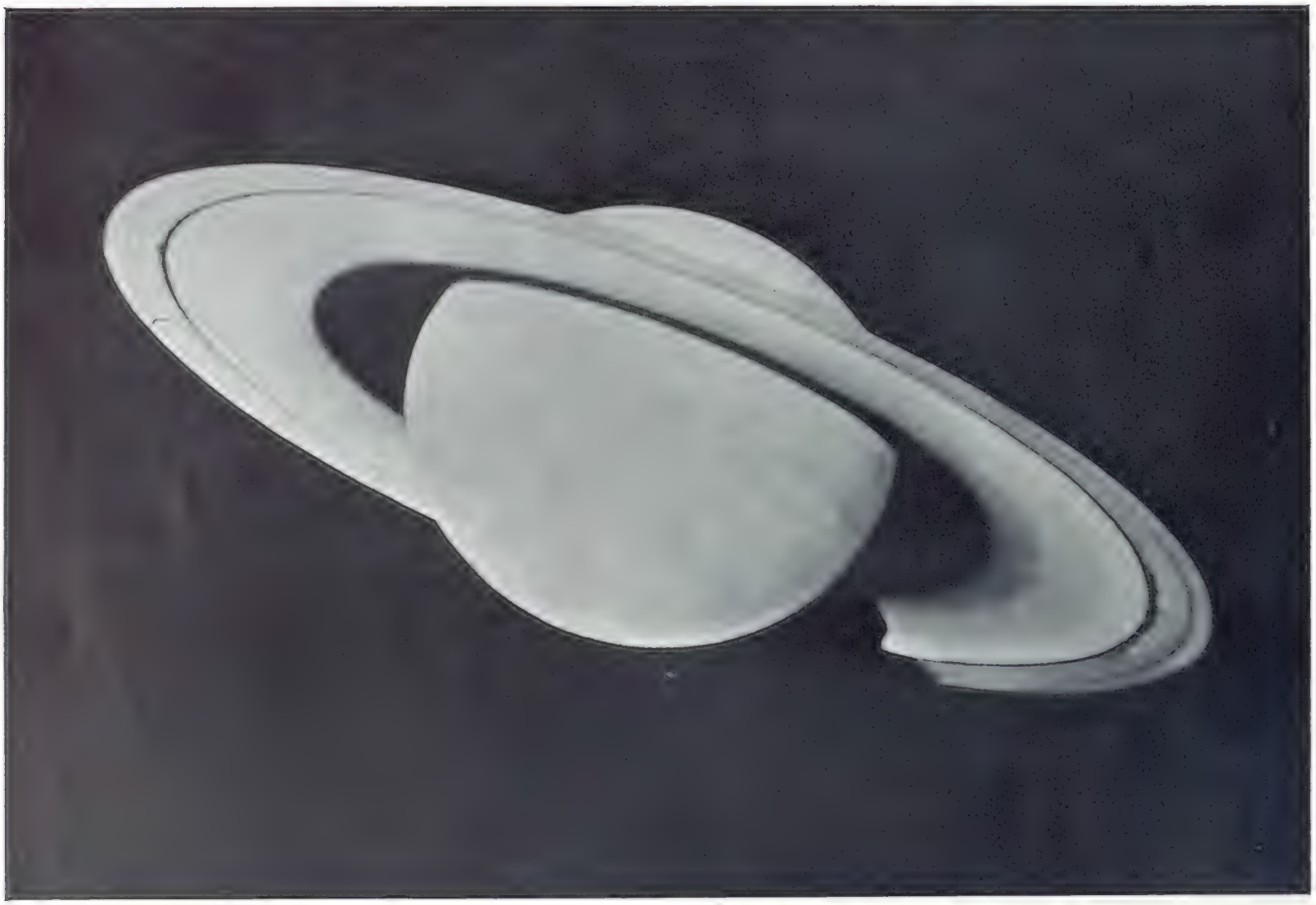
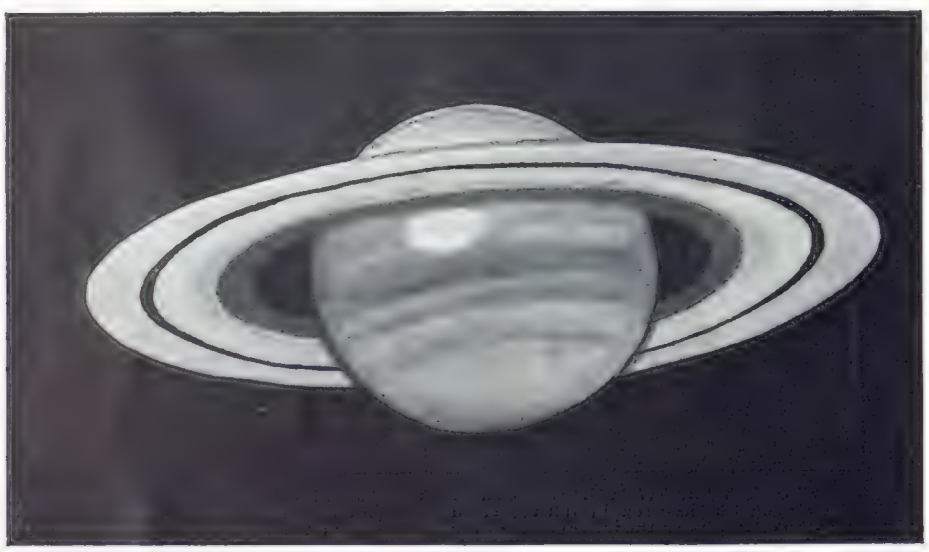
THE SPOT on the GIANT PLANET SATURN



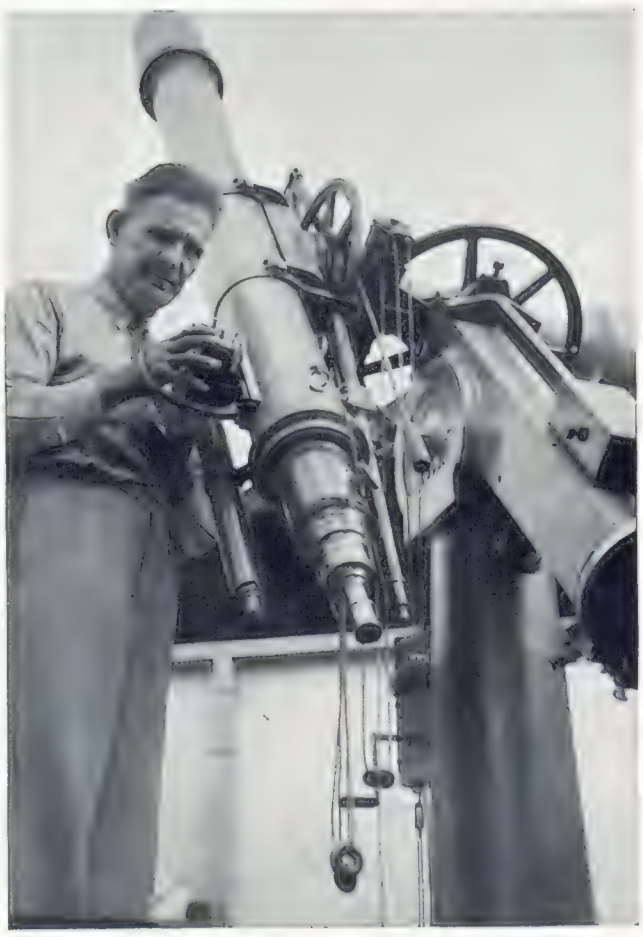
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLANET SATURN from a picture taken through a 36-in. telescope at the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, United States. Owing to its position exceptionally fine photographs of the heavens are obtainable. This particular view shows the wonderful rings encircling the planet. When seen edgewise they are scarcely visible, but it is not with these that the astronomical world is at the moment concerned. It is to the central globe and its moving white spot that the telescopes of the Northern hemisphere are being turned in an effort to determine the length of time the planet takes to rotate on its axis



A VIEW OF THE GIANT SPOT which has been discovered on the gaseous face of Saturn by Mr. Will Hay, the famous schoolmaster comedian, whose hobby is astronomy. The spot is moving steadily across the face of the planet

MR. WILL HAY'S MINIATURE GREENWICH: The comedian's garden at Norbury contains a 6-in. refractor telescope and other astronomical instruments. It was with the refractor that he was the first to discover the white spot upon Saturn

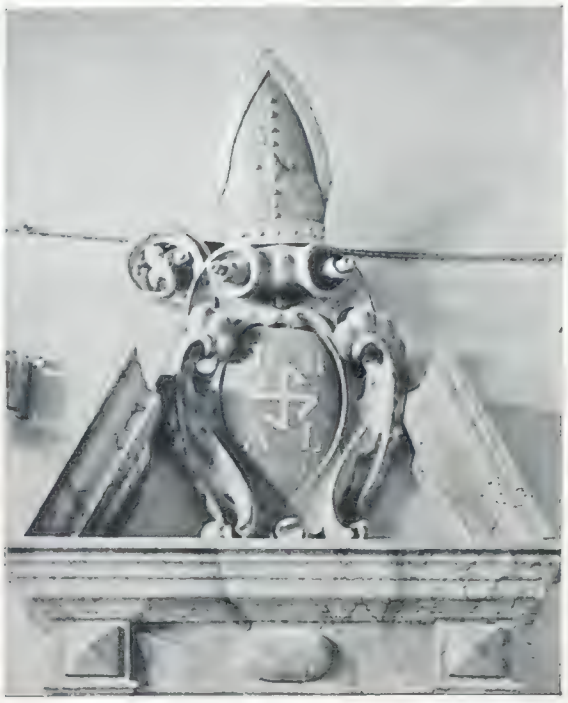
On the night of August 3, Mr. Will Hay, the well-known comedian, observed from the garden of his Norbury home an immense white spot on the globe of the planet Saturn. The discovery was confirmed the same evening by Dr. W. H. Steavenson of West Norwood. Two days later the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, also reported having seen the spot, which appeared to be the result of some gigantic volcanic upheaval on the surface of the planet. It is at least 20,000 miles long by 12,000 miles wide. The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that the spot will enable astronomers to make an accurate determination of the period in which the planet rotates on its axis. Opportunities such as this are very rare, and in consequence the authorities at Harvard University have asked observatories throughout the world to study this phenomenon with the closest attention



MR. WILL HAY with his 6-in. refractor telescope. Although simply housed, the instrument is a very powerful one. Mr. Hay's discovery at Norbury definitely takes priority over the American observations at Washington

THE AUSTRIAN ORIGIN OF THE GERMAN SWASTIKA

CHANCELLOR HITLER speaking at the Kroll Opera House, the temporary home of the Reichstag. Suspended at the end of the hall is the familiar swastika symbol of the Nazi party



THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA: The arms of Theodorick von Hagen, Abbot of the little Austrian monastery where Hitler received his early education. The young man must have frequently noticed this "nailed cross," and it seems more than probable that from this altar piece he got the idea of using the swastika emblem. *Right*—The High Altar at the Laibach Monastery

BERLIN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS attending a religious meeting outside the Opera House. The student speaker is giving an address on the place of the church in the new State. Behind him is an appropriate banner incorporating the cross and the swastika

THE FOUNTAIN of Laibech Benedictine Monastery where Hitler must have frequently played as a youth. The Abbot's "nailed cross" is once again in evidence. He introduced the symbol on the arms of the monastery in 1859, and had it reproduced in nearly every room and on nearly every gateway in the building. *Right*—Armorial bearings of Abbot von Hagen

POSTAL PATRIOTISM: Berlin postmen going on their rounds with their bicycles gaily decked with swastika emblems and the new national tricolour

THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY AT LAIBACH

ABBOT THEODORICK VON HAGEN

AUSTRIA FLOODED WITH NAZI PROPAGANDA: One of the many postcards issued by the German Government in an effort to stimulate the Nazi cause in Austria. The sun, inset with the inevitable swastika symbol, is shown rising in a blaze of glory over the Houses of Parliament, Vienna

Since the rise of the Nazi regime there has been much speculation as to why Hitler chose the swastika as the emblem of his party. Many believe that it was just a hastily adopted idea arising out of the need of the moment, and this view is strengthened by the fact that the symbol used in Germany to-day is reversed. The extremities of the arms, it will be noticed, point in a clock-wise instead of the usual direction. As the swastika is essentially religious in origin this would seem to be a negation of faith. More probably, however, and seeing that the Chancellor's anti-religious views appear to extend only to the Jewish race, it was the result of an early impression of a "nailed cross" which is not really a swastika at all. This theory is revealed by a correspondent in Austria who sends us a number of views, which we reproduce on this page, of the Benedictine Monastery at Laibach, Upper Austria, where Hitler received part of his early training. In nearly every hall and on nearly every gateway of this old building the sign of the "nailed cross" is a prominent feature. This was added to the monastery's arms in 1859 by Abbot Theodorick von Hagen, and must have been a familiar sight to the youthful Hitler during his most impressionable years. When the time came to find an emblem for his party it seems probable that he still retained the memory of this cross, and without much investigation immediately adopted something after the same style. Probably the only person who could say whether this surmise is correct is the Chancellor himself

WRECKED COR

An Adventure Among Islands of the Pacific Kaisha Liner,

By R. V. C.

THE JAPANESE LINER, "SHIDZUOKA MARU," aground on a reef in the South Sea Islands of the Pacific. Native boys are seen preparing the landing gear for the passengers

There is a saying, I believe, among Japanese mariners that a ship which carries many sea captains among its passengers is certain to go aground. I do not know if there are any statistics on this subject, but we were certainly well equipped

MR. AND MRS. R. V. C. BODLEY photographed before leaving the wrecked Japanese liner. Mrs. Bodley's Tibetan dog appeared to enjoy the adventure thoroughly

for such an eventuality, as in addition to the captain and officers of the *Shidzuoka Maru*, we had in the 1st class saloon Commander U. Umezaki of the Japanese Navy, one of those good-looking, spirited officers whose intelligent eyes and alert manner showed a man who would be equal to any emergency; Captain B. Saito, late of the N.Y.K. Line, a much older man, who had lately sailed a 50-ton schooner from Japan to New Guinea and whose friendly smile and calm demeanour likewise inspired confidence, and Lieutenant M. Burnett, R.N., a young English language student from Tokio, who combined a vivid sense of humour with a fundamental pessimism, so that during the actual crisis of shipwreck he kept up our spirits with his ready wit, but once landed could only see disaster threatening us from all directions.

Why we struck the reef I am not in a position to say. The fact remains that at about 5.45 a.m., when it was just getting light, we were shaken out of our bunks by a shuddering crash and throbbing of engines reversed, followed by silence. I peered out of my porthole and saw the surf foaming and roaring all round us, and as I climbed out of my berth was knocked into the arms of my wife as a heavy sea struck the ship causing it to stagger over to one side. However, in spite of this terrifying feeling of helplessness which makes one dress wildly in the most unsuitable clothes (we all instinctively redonned the winter garments which we had packed away on leaving Japan though the temperature now was over 80), there were no sounds of shouting or of people rushing about as might have been expected.

As soon as I had collected my wits and put on shorts and a shirt, and tied on the lifebelt, which nearly suffocated me in the tropical heat, I went on deck and found that in spite of the uncanny silence all the members of the ship's company were at their appointed posts carrying out their duties as if they were taking part in a demonstration of the correct way to act during shipwreck. The captain stood on the bridge issuing orders through a megaphone, the boat crews were uncovering the lifeboats and swinging them out on their davits, other officers mustered the third-class passengers forward, sailors collected mail bags from the hold and stacked them on the deck, stewards rolled rice into balls and placed them in ration boxes, the crew of the captain's motor launch overhauled the engine, the purser hurried to the cabins of the first-class passengers with words of reassurance, while at the same time he saw that their lifebelts were properly adjusted. It was one of those magnificent examples of absolute self-control and discipline for which the Japanese are reputed.

At first no one seemed to know what had happened or what was going to be done. The optimists suggested that high tide would float us off, the pessimists that any big waves would carry us into deep water to sink. What had actually occurred was this: With a falling tide we had struck the reef on which we were now firmly lodged; there was a rent in the keel and one propeller had been torn away. Our dangers were, therefore, twofold. The tide when it rose might lift us off our rock, when we would probably sink, or the weather, which was very unsettled, might develop into a storm and, with any marked increase in the force and size of the waves, the ship would begin to break up or be battered off the reef. This situation was further complicated in that the landing of passengers was no easy matter, for though a couple of miles away the sandy beaches of a palm green island looked temptingly inviting the reaching of this haven would be fraught with difficulties. Immediately about us the sea, fairly deep, swirled and foamed making embarkation into boats no easy matter, and before these could reach the smooth water of the lagoon the main reef, about 200 yards broad, had to be crossed, which with the ebb of the tide would soon be an impossible feat except on a raft. The captain, therefore, devised the plan of sending out two boats with just a few of the crew carrying a rope across the reef, where they would wait in the lagoon to pick up passengers when and if they got across. This hazardous manœuvre was accordingly put into effect and was greatly facilitated by the arrival of a number of wild-looking natives in dug-out canoes who, regardless of the danger from sharks, plunged into the sea and helped to guide the boats and carry the rope across the rocks.

This, of course, all took time and we stood on the promenade deck anxiously watching the manœuvring, wondering how it would be possible for boats full of passengers to make the crossing which was proving difficult to the sailors. In the meanwhile the stewards had issued coffee and later breakfast would be served as usual, and though a few of us did go down to the saloon it was rather in a spirit of bluff as no one felt inclined to eat while the ship shuddered as the waves broke against her side and the wireless squeaked out "S O S, S O S" which no ship within a hundred miles answered. The only thing which kept my mind occupied was the taking of photographs which I continued doing until we set foot on shore, and I can think of nothing more difficult than changing films in a lifeboat, or up to the knees in foaming surf, while my wife implored me not to waste time and take unnecessary risks. But I remained deaf, realizing that this would probably be my only opportunity to get such original pictures.

However, to revert to the narrative. Captain Saito finally came smiling among us and said that the landing must be begun at once if we were all to get ashore in safety. So clutching certain small belongings, my typewriter, camera, and some manuscripts, my wife her small Tibetan lion dog, the others various packages (it is astonishing how difficult it is to know what to take and what to leave when all must be carried in the hand, and I remember stuffing tins of tobacco, films, and a bottle of Kruschen salts into my pocket but forgetting a toothbrush, and rushing back at the last minute to save my regimental cuff links which had been given to me when I joined the army in 1911). The dog, of course, had no idea that it was going into danger and regarded the whole episode as a joyous release from cramped life on board.

Owing to the *Shidzuoka Maru* being perched high up on its rock the ladder down the side of the vessel was at a nearly perpendicular angle and many feet above the boat which bobbed up and down on the waves, so that each passenger on reaching the last step had to wait and judge the exact moment when to jump. The first debarkation was, however, carried out without mishap, and we began our spray-drenched journey being hauled along the rope to the reef. Here once more nerve and judgment were required in order to spring into shallow water when the boat was carried forward by a wave, as the least error would have

TOO SHALLOW FOR THE LIFEBOAT: Passengers liner. In the picture are Lieutenant Bennett,

WELCOMING THE SHIPWRECKED: The native chief who came out of the jungle to assist in landing the passengers from the *Shidzuoka Maru*

ON A AL ISLAND

the Japanese Mandated in the Nippon Yusen "Shidzuoka Maru"

BODLEY

CALM AND COLLECTED: Third-class passengers waiting their turn to be taken off the wrecked liner. Both the officers and crew displayed the utmost calm during the emergency

meant falling into the sea out of our depths. However, here again there were no accidents, and we stepped out over the reef up to our knees in water, the temperature of which must have been over 70. What a blessed thing tropical heat is during a shipwreck; I cannot think of anything grimmer than if we had been obliged to do all this in an icy sea and a freezing wind.

The passengers, now grouped on the reef, made a wonderful picture in their varied clothes, shorts, trousers, pyjamas, kimonos, with a Philippino priest who, in complete black suit, black boots, Roman collar, and black felt hat, clutched an ebony-handled umbrella which, when a squall of rain came on, he solemnly opened and stood protecting his head while the water swirled round his knees! Later on when we had landed on the island I saw this holy man conscientiously drying the umbrella and carefully rolling it up with as much precision as an employee in Briggs. As far as I could gather, the umbrella was all he saved.

When we had crossed the reef on foot we embarked in one of the lifeboats which waited in the lagoon and rowed across to land, but here again the water was too shallow to approach, so we all had to tumble into the sea once more and wade ashore.

A little way back from the shore was a massive house before which were arranged great round stones, like giant wheels, about which I learnt much later, but as I do not wish to interrupt the narrative of the shipwreck we will leave these people, who have no money and live by barter.

wading ashore after being rescued from the Japanese R.N., and Mrs. Bodley, the author's wife

ON THE ISLAND OF YAP: A woman of the Chamorros with her infant child. Scantily clothed above the waist, her skirt develops a modish basque effect

The island on which we had been cast up was Rumung of the Yap group, but being rather remote from the port of Yap itself had been little visited by white people and never by any white women, so that the excitement among the dames in grass skirts on seeing the two Englishwomen can be imagined. After counting the shipwrecked party the second purser took charge and led us through long shady avenues paved with enormous slabs of granite. Brightly coloured birds flitted through the branches, while scarlet land crabs scuttled away and hid themselves in holes in the ground. The whole effect was fairylike and in some places suggested almost a stage setting. The people who passed us always bowed and smiled and, though at first inclined to be timid, soon grew accustomed to our appearance and clustered round. Many of the women were followed by little pink pigs which they appeared to regard as pets.

Towards two o'clock some stewards from the *Shidzuoka Maru* miraculously appeared with a large box of boiled rice and a few tins of sardines which we ate ravenously, washing down the meal with coconut milk; after which we went through the formula essential to shipwrecks of setting out and examining our belongings, wondered where we should sleep the night and again felt relieved that it was not cold, as the weather was squally and every now and then heavy showers of warm rain poured down on us, followed immediately by a drying sun.

What was most striking was the absolute calm of the Japanese passengers. There were 170 odd of them, many of whom were women and children, but not one of them grumbled or appeared to regard it as at all extraordinary to have to settle down for the night in the midst of the jungle, perhaps for nights, with no certainty of food and a practical assurance that they had lost all they possessed in the *Shidzuoka Maru*. It was one of those real examples of people determined to make the best of a bad business cheerfully.

As there seemed to be little prospect of anything going to happen some of us set out exploring along the coast, following the paths paved as if by giants, but in reality made by the Germans.

When we returned to our "camp" we found that Commander Umezaki, surprisingly clean in his white uniform complete with badges of rank and gold aiguillettes, had landed and taken command of the shipwrecked. He announced that we were to spend the night where we were and that lighters with a tug would come at dawn and take us to Yap.

I asked him for news of the *Shidzuoka Maru*.

"As long as the weather remains fair she won't break up and a salvage ship may be able to reach her from Japan in time to save her."

"And the captain?"

"He will probably commit hara-kiri."

This was said simply, without any suggestion of melodrama, then as he saw that I was taken aback, added, "He has lost his ship, so what else is there for him to do?"

We dined off rice, bread and margarine and coco-nut milk by the light of a huge wood fire, and having been issued with one ship's blanket apiece lay down with our heads on our lifebelts and tried to sleep under a green roof of palm branches, lulled by those mysterious sounds of the jungle as

NATIVE NURSES at the Chamorros Hospital dressed in Japanese uniform. These girls are most efficiently trained and are usually very apt pupils

of thousands of creatures breathing in the undergrowth.

At dawn the following day Commander Umezaki mustered us and we embarked on lighters which were towed through lagoons, past steaming mangrove swamps, until some two-and-a-half hours later we came to Yap, where the Resident and his staff, together with the local schoolchildren, waited for us on the pier! And what a crowd of sea-stained derelicts we looked beside those officials in their well-creased drill suits. The Resident took us up to his office, where he fed us on bully beef and rice, after which we were allotted an empty house in which there was a bathroom which we used fiercely for some time after our arrival!

A new difficulty now presented itself to the authorities who were looking after us in that Yap, being largely dependent on stores from Japan, suddenly found itself confronted, not only with the failure of the arrival of the monthly consignment which was on board the *Shidzuoka Maru*, but with the necessity of catering for over 170 guests from the shipwreck. It was therefore decided to hurry our departure, and on the fourth day after the wreck sixty of us were placed on board a 180-ton motor boat belonging to the Government fisheries and carried 260 miles to Palao. This, perhaps, was the worst experience of the whole episode. Reaction had set in and, with the excitement over, our nerves were on edge, and though the ship was perfectly seaworthy the sea was inclined to be rough and sixty people on board a vessel which usually carried fifteen was a trial to mind and body, quite apart from the knowledge that if any further mishap occurred there would be insufficient boats to save everyone!

However with that unvarying Japanese efficiency to which we were now becoming accustomed we were brought to anchor at nightfall outside Palao, twenty-eight hours after leaving Yap, and with the daylight the following day were able to pass through the reef and land on Korror, where we were again to experience kindness and hospitality from the Governor-General and the agents of the N.Y.K., proving once more the Japanese to be generous gentle folk whose qualities are much misrepresented in Europe and America.

THE PROBLEM OF EVEREST'S SUMMIT: The north-west face of Everest is, under non-monsoon conditions, blown free of snow. Any attempt to work over the ridge and along the south-east face might reveal heavy snow conditions somewhat similar to those shown in the above picture. The actual Himalayan summit illustrated here is the Chongra Peak of Nanga Parbat seen from Camp VI of last year's expedition. We are indebted for this excellent picture to *The Himalayan Journal*, Vol. V, edited by Colonel Kenneth Mason

THE CURVED SOUTH-EAST FACE OF EVEREST'S SUMMIT: This picture was taken by the Houston Everest flyers. The spectator is looking right along the north-east ridge, the steep wind-blown rocks being clearly visible on the right. On the left is the snow-covered south-eastern side culminating in the curved face of the citadel. There is no question of any route but this north-east shoulder; the north-west face of it has turned out steep and difficult, but the crest of the shoulder is very probably also difficult. Which of these two variations the next expedition would be ultimately forced to take remains obscure until the return of the climbers. In any case it is most unlikely that they would try the curved south-east face, as this was referred to by Mallory in 1921 as "terribly steep and it will almost certainly be out of the question to traverse there"

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SOUTH-EAST FACE OF EVEREST: This picture was also taken by the Houston-Everest flyers. It shows the gradually ascending north-east ridge, snow covered, and the steeply pitching drop to the south-west

CAN EVEREST BE CLIMBED?

The Return of the Ruttledge Land Expedition to Simla Leads to Discussion whether the Giant Peak can be Conquered on Foot

By C. F. MEADE

(The Distinguished Himalayan Authority)

As information gradually arrives from the Everest front it becomes possible to sum up the results of the expedition, more especially in regard to the future and the prospects if the Tibetan Government allows another expedition to take place.

It is now admitted that it was the weather as much as the difficulty of the final rocks that defeated the two pairs of very strong climbers who made the attempts from the highest camp. The following table will give an idea of the disastrous nature of the weather during the three seasons of campaigning on Everest:

	May	June 1–15
1922 -	Weather comparatively fine. Two high attempts.	Weather comparatively bad. Monsoon began June 3.
1924 -	Weather impossible -	Weather perfect. Two high attempts. Monsoon began June 15.
1933 -	Weather impossible -	Weather impossible. Two high attempts. Monsoon began June 2.

It now seems that there are considerable difficulties above the highest point hitherto reached; the difficulties of the summit section of Everest are considerably more serious than was expected.

If the Tibetan Government allows another expedition, there are many questions to decide. The leader of the expedition of 1924 points out that there have been, and may still be, critics of the policy of sending only two climbers at a time to the assault but, as he says, it is almost impossible to transport accommodation for parties of three to such an immense height as the final camp and it seems hypercritical to object to parties of only two men.

On the other hand, there is undoubtedly a very great deal to be said in favour of arranging accommodation for two parties of two, in preference to obliging one single pair to launch itself from the final camp, alone and unsupported. In fact the most strenuous efforts, both of organization and finance, ought to be made to make the high camp habitable for at least four men, two of them for the attempt on the summit and two of them to act in support.

It is true that Mr. Smythe, after the illness of his companion, continued alone to 28,000 ft., and even succeeded in getting back to the high camp in a blizzard without any assistance, but such a performance is too miraculous for us to count on its being possible to repeat it, and one recalls Odell's extraordinary power of acclimatization to altitude; he was, however, slow in acquiring it, so that he had not been selected as a member of either of the summit parties of the previous expedition. Consequently he never went above 27,000 ft.

It is significant that when Mallory and Irvine perished, Odell, although so fit and energetic, was precluded by this want of accommodation at the high camp from staying on to await their return. Mallory had in fact warned him not to spend the night there, as he and Irvine hoped to sleep there on their way down. So Odell had no choice but to leave them unsupported.

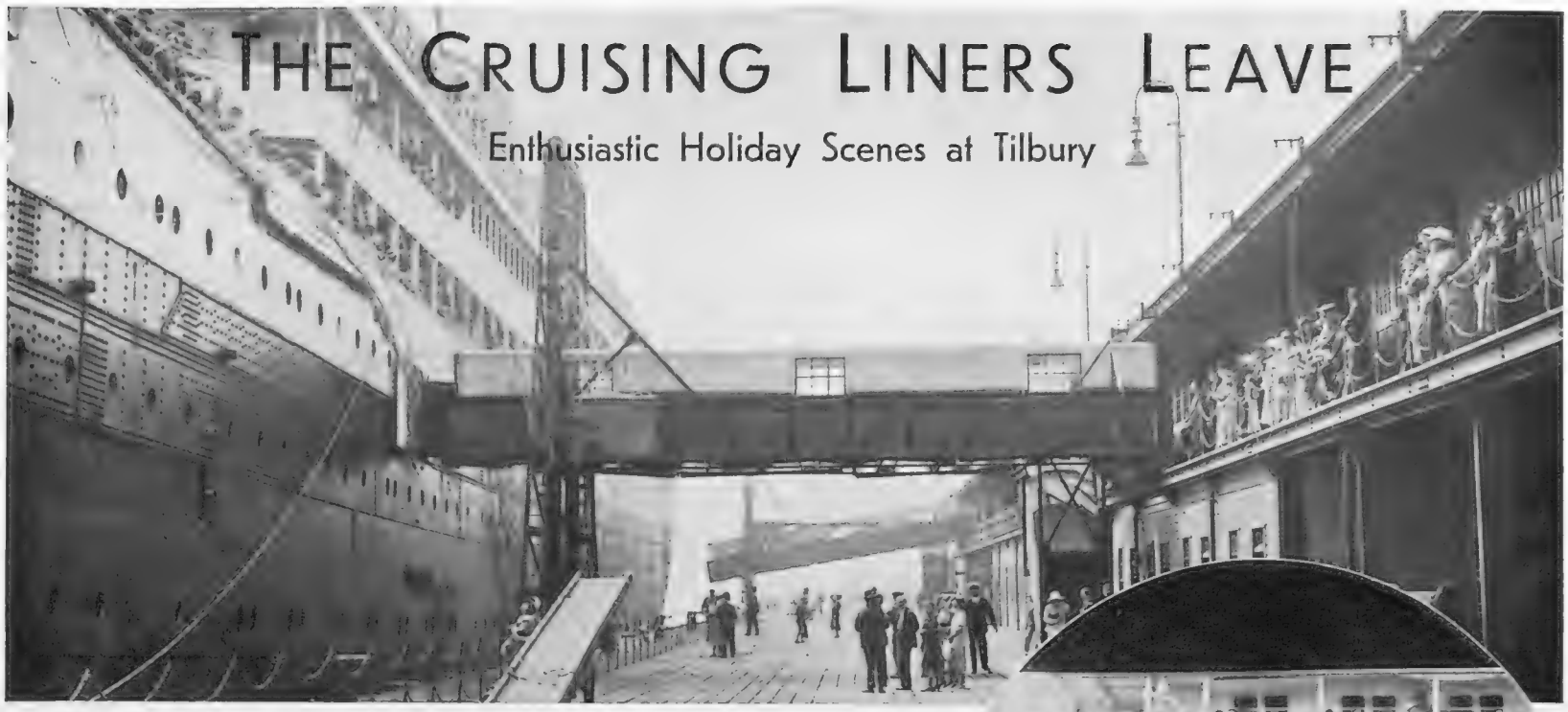
The following quotation of Mallory's words bears out the contention that the highest camp should be big enough for an additional pair of climbers to be ready with assistance for the summit party if the latter are to have a reasonable chance of survival:

"Further, another sort of difficulty will jeopardize the chance of success. It might be possible for two men to struggle somehow to the summit, disregarding every other consideration. It is a different matter to climb the mountain as mountaineers would have it climbed. Principles, time-honoured in the Alpine Club, must, of course, be respected in the ascent of Mount Everest. The party must keep a margin of safety. It is not to be a mad enterprise rashly pushed on regardless of danger. The ill-considered acceptance of any and every risk has no part in the essence of persevering courage. A mountaineering enterprise may keep sanity and sound judgment, and remain an adventure. And of all principles by which we hold the first is that of mutual help. What is to be done for a man who is sick or abnormally exhausted at these high altitudes? His companions must see to it that he is taken down at the first opportunity, and with an adequate escort; and the obligation is the same whether he be sahib or coolie; if we ask a man to carry our loads up the mountain we must care for his welfare at need. It may be taken for granted that such need will arise and will interfere very seriously with any organization, however ingeniously and carefully it may be arranged."

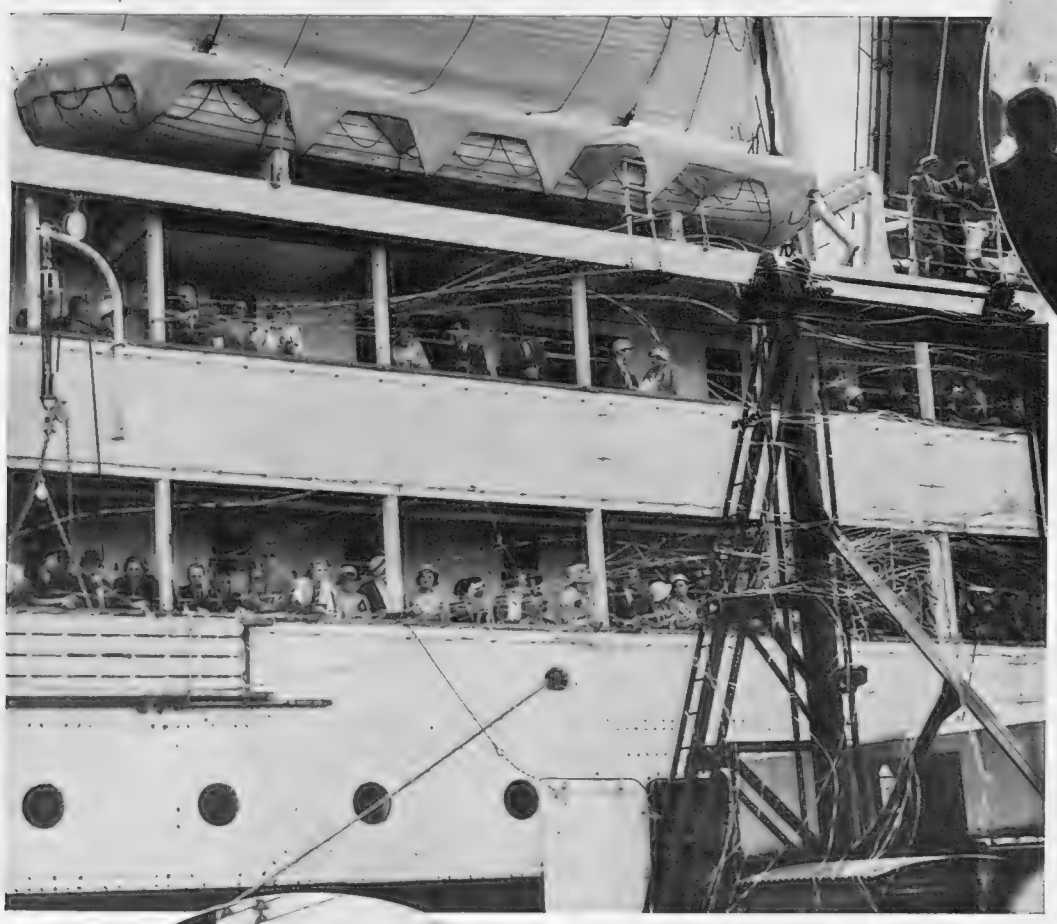
Certainly the leader of this year's expedition has accomplished a prodigious task in so promptly establishing the highest camp at a height of 27,400 ft., 600 ft. higher than in 1924. Yet in future it should be the aim of the leader to surpass this achievement by doubling the accommodation of this camp. If this is possible the risk for the summit party will no longer be so great as hitherto.

THE CRUISING LINERS LEAVE

Enthusiastic Holiday Scenes at Tilbury



TILBURY'S UP-TO-DATE LANDING STAGE: The hydraulically operated gangway about to be withdrawn from the *Lapland* before she left the Thames on a recent holiday cruise



ALL ABOARD: Passengers crowding the decks to wave a last farewell to their friends on shore

THE LAST LINKS WITH HOME: An enthusiastic scene as the liner leaves her moorings and the paper streamers finally break

TICKETS PLEASE: Waiting to cross the gangway at the start of a cruise

BON VOYAGE! Friends waving good-bye as the liner slowly glides from the Tilbury landing stage

THE S.S. "LAPLAND" leaves her moorings and sails towards the estuary and the sea

The growing importance of the new landing stage at Tilbury was effectually demonstrated on the Saturday of Bank Holiday week-end when no fewer than six liners—the *Moldavia, Highland Monarch, Lapland, Neuralia, Calypso,* and *Mantua*—embarked holidaymakers for the Mediterranean and other ports. Until comparatively recently passengers were taken on board either inside the docks or by tender—the latter a somewhat inconvenient method when large quantities of baggage had to be dealt with at speed. The present facilities have clearly served to make London a popular and convenient centre from which to start a cruise, the landing stage, with its magnificent baggage hall and hydraulically operated gangways, making embarkation a matter of little worry even for the most harassed traveller. The accompanying pictures were specially taken for "The Sphere" during the great Bank Holiday rush

MORAINIC ICEBERG SEEN BY THE "DISCOVERY" EXPEDITION BETWEEN SOUTH GEORGIA AND THE SOUTH SANDWICH ISLANDS: This remarkable banded berg belongs to a type frequently found off the mouth of the Weddell Sea. The black and white portions are clearly demarcated but appear to be joined together without any alteration in surface outline. It is quite evident that neither portion melts more quickly than the other. The black stratum, running the whole length of the berg, is opaque and has a large content of mud and stones

SEEN NEAR ELEPHANT ISLAND

This formation, which is probably mo
From this point of view the blac
points of light from its faceted
portion of the

BLACK and WHITE ICEBERGS

Some Unique Pictures from the Antarctic

A BLACK CAPPED BERG OF UNUSUAL FORMATION: This example, also seen between South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands, was estimated as being about 1,500 ft. in length and 150 ft. high at one end. Instead of the more usual clear cut line of demarcation, the dome is capped with black, while on two sides blackened portions extend downwards in V-shaped fashion. The dark portion is pitted throughout with shallow pockmarks

A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE BANDED BERG: This example, about 140 ft. high and 1,500 ft. in length, was traversed from end to end by a straight band of dark material some 15 ft. thick. During expeditions near the Weddell Sea frequent efforts have been made to obtain samples for investigation from bergs of this type. The task has not always proved successful, the smoothly rounded ice being difficult to chip with an axe. Even rifle fire has been tried

probably moraInic, was first observed on December 18, 1930. ew the black ice appeared greyish owing to the reflection of its faceted surface. In this case the material on the dark tion of the berg was probably wind deposited

During the course of recent oceanographical investigations in the Antarctic by the research vessels of the *Discovery* Committee, a number of remarkable icebergs have been sighted near the Weddell Sea. In addition to those of outstanding size, there are others of even more interest. These are the black and white morainic and the bottle-green bergs, a series of illustrations of which we reproduce on this page. The morainic bergs are noteworthy for the striking line of demarcation between the black-and-white ice and for the fact that the two portions appear to merge without any apparent alterations in surface outline. Although great difficulty has always been experienced in making accurate observations, it seems that these bergs are formed in a variety of ways. Those of the true morainic type probably achieved their strange formation from detritus (loose fragments or particles of rock) collecting on the surface of the glacier, while in others the material is probably wind deposited. In the latter case this could be the result of volcanic action over a wide area, or of wind transporting material from bare rock surfaces. The bottle-green bergs, of which little is really known, owing to the difficulty of obtaining sections for investigation, may quite likely be a class by themselves, but the theory has been advanced that they are also the result of wind-borne deposits.

Following out this theory it can be assumed that the very remarkable banded berg, illustrated immediately above this note, was formed through particles of dust falling on the level surface of the ice. Later, and on top of this, further accumulations of nevé (consolidated snow) added a third layer and produced the final and truly magnificent effect. The larger bergs, which are hardly as interesting from a pictorial point of view, are of the greatest importance to the discoverer in that they should provide the key to many of the Antarctic mysteries yet to be solved. It is thought that these giant mountains of ice have their origin to the west of the Filchner Barrier. If this is so it seems probable that thousands of square miles of barrier must have been removed, and that the configuration of the Weddell Sea may have, in the last few years, been completely changed. Such a happening may well have produced results which would make future penetration into these little known areas a far less formidable task.

ANOTHER VIEW of the black and white morainic berg seen near Elephant Island in December, 1930

OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR ROCKS: A bottle-green berg. Here the dark colouring is probably the result of either volcanic action or deposits transported by the wind

SCOTSMEN ALL: Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart's duck-shooting party about to set out for Loch Fad Dam, Isle of Bute

THE OLD ORDER: An inspection of veterans at the Rosendale Military Home, Broughty Ferry, Angus. The men are wearing red coats and Balmoral bonnets

THE NEW ORDER: Students of the Glasgow School of Art making a film of a cabaret performance. They now record all their social and official functions for their own screen

Left—SCOTLAND TAKES TO THE WATER: A group of youthful competitors at a recent children's swimming gala at North Berwick. None of those taking part were over fourteen. *Right*—THESE ENLIGHTENED TIMES: Miss Scotland, 1933—a sight which would have aroused a storm of protest not so very many years ago

STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?—(II)

Significant Changes in Social Life North of the Tweed

By MICHAEL MURRAY

There is something so permanent about the outward appearance of Scotland that people who visit here are occasionally tempted to wonder whether she has undergone any of the changes which have affected Europe in the last hundred years. You will hear a visitor, who has come back to Scotland after many years' absence, remarking on this. "These massive grey stone houses," he will say, "look exactly the same as they used to do—neither older nor younger, just timeless. The people that walk in and out of them have the same easy, unhurried way of walking and grave faces. The girls still have the same rather sweet and serious expressions and good complexions. The country people still have curious combinations of pawkiness and fireyness in their manners, so puzzling to Englishmen. The hills are as bare and as beautiful as ever; the grouse still fly over the moors, the trout and salmon swim in the burns and the rivers. Stands Scotland where it did? It certainly stands still."

Despite the many massive and impressive things in Scotland that have remained as grey and as old as ever, there is really plenty of change, and we who live north of the Tweed are apt to forget the permanent things that are always with us, and see only the hundred small and big things all around us that are passing and moving and changing, until it is sometimes difficult for us to believe that we are living in the same country in which we spent our childhood.

One need not be middle-aged to remember a time when even in the big towns of Scotland one would not see a cab, a carriage, or even a motor—and sometimes not even trams—on Sundays until late in the day. Until about a quarter to eleven the great wide streets were bare and windswept, and had an extraordinary look of clean primness. Then for a brief period they would be filled with a slow procession of churchgoers, and again there would be silence till the return journey homewards. After this there would fall upon the community that undefinable, heavy sense of thousands upon thousands of Sunday dinners being consumed. Nowadays, anyone who wanted to lie long in bed on Sunday morning would probably have his rest disturbed in a big town by the stream of motor cars, buses, excursions, bicycling and hiking parties making for the open country. I do not defend the change; there is a good side and there is a bad side to it, but it is an astonishing change to have taken place in Scotland. You also have had this same change in England, but with us the contrast is much more remarkable.

Most of us can remember a time too when a couple of carefully supervised dances during the winter holidays, a glass of port after the Christmas dinner, and three or four visits a year to suitable plays were all the adult pleasures allowed to the growing youth of Scotland. Nowadays one of the easiest ways of getting the young people out of the way is to send them off in parties to one of the many *Palais de Danse* that have grown up like mushrooms in every town. A visit to the theatre is for the young people almost less of a thrill than a visit to the cinema, and cocktails and the inevitable gasper have penetrated to all but the ultimate strongholds of Scottish life. There are even, heaven help us, young people in Edinburgh and Glasgow with enough money and nervous hysteria to imitate what they imagine to be the antics of the Bright Young Things, and it is an amusing sight to watch a group of, on the whole, pleasant faces but utterly unsuitable young Scots people perched on the highest stools of some drably cosmopolitan cocktail bar, trying to feel comfortable in their surroundings. Happily, the native gusto (so foreign to such forms of enjoyment) frequently breaks through, and the party may even end in real pleasure. However, there they are, but to anyone who remembers the old Scotland it is almost incredible that they should be there.

With the passing of Victorianism the Scottish support of it has collapsed utterly, but to many people who have witnessed its departure the effect on Scotland is startling. In Scotland as elsewhere, there are, of course, innumerable jeremiads in sermons, in the press, public speeches, and in endless private discussions, on the passing of the old, but I think it is not fanciful to claim that in Scotland many of these jeremiads have an added poignancy which is lacking elsewhere. Here it is not only the old who regret the passing of what has been; you will find many young Scots people who are fearful that they see in the changes going on all around them the beginning of the end of their country as an individual in Europe. This is, I think, a mistaken view. These are superficial aspects of the Scottish character if one believes that the Scottish character exists, and if it is worth existing it will surely survive the general flux that is going on in Europe just now. Is it not a healthy sign that these very young people should be writing, thinking, and talking about Scotland, instead of sitting back and lazily taking her for granted, as so many of their immediate forefathers did?

And so, though there are changes, some trivial, some important, that are going on beneath the surface of this ancient and permanent-looking country of ours, there are some of us who think that these changes, though they may threaten old institutions, cannot but have a good effect in the long run. Changes had to come, and if they awake in their arrival sentiments of Scottish consciousness which will make people not just idly pleased with the fact that they are Scots, but proudly anxious to do something for Scotland, we will yet see a future for the most ancient kingdom in Europe.

THE NAVY ENTERTAINS: During Bank Holiday week-end thousands of holiday-makers flocked down to Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, where the fleet was congregated for its great annual display. In the above picture the crew of H.M.S. *Whirlwind* is seen entertaining visitors with an exhibition of gun drill

NAVY WEEK

And Other Maritime Matters

BRISTOL INVADED: Two of the three French naval despatch boats, *Meuse*, *Vauquois*, and *Concy*, anchored near the Tramway Centre, Bristol, after their recent arrival in the city. During their stay the officers and men were entertained by the Lord Mayor

"THE ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE BACK," Newquay's new lifeboat, was paraded and launched last week in the presence of a large crowd of holiday-makers—the proceedings being in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. She is seen entering the water after leaving one of the steepest slipways on the Cornish Coast

WONDERFUL WAYS OF

"The Sphere" Reader's Wireless Set is Pouring Out Music on a Warm August Evening. How is this Miracle Accomplished? The Question Answered in a New Concise Exposition

By R. W. HALLOWS

And a Set of Special Diagrams by Vidi

AN ASTONISHING ANOMALY IN A CONCERT HALL: One of the most extraordinary facts about wireless reception is the incredible rapidity with which the listener-in hears, say, a concert or a speech. If the concert is taking place in Milan, a London listener-in actually hears the music sooner than the audience sitting in the dress circle of the hall

When a broadcasting station is in operation, waves of the particular length which it uses travel outwards from its great aerial in all directions. The sounds which occur in the studio and those produced by our loudspeakers are also caused by waves, but these are of a very different kind. Sound waves travel through air at a speed of about 1,100 ft. a second. The comparatively low speed of sound waves is easily realized by watching a man some distance away hammering in a nail: the hammer is seen to fall long before we hear the sound of the blow. The ear is affected by sound waves, the eye by light waves. Like wireless waves, light waves travel not through the air but through the ether, the invisible and intangible medium which pervades everything. The speed of all ether waves—wireless, heat, infra-red rays, visible light, ultra-violet rays, and X-rays—is the same: instead of some 1,100 *ft.* a second these waves move through the ether at the almost unimaginable speed of 186,000 *miles* a second.

If you speak by the wireless telephone to a friend in Australia the sound of your voice takes little more than a sixteenth of a second to reach his ears; in the same time sound waves travel between 20 and 25 yards through air. Were a microphone placed near the wicket during a Test Match we in this country would hear by wireless the impact of Sutcliffe's bat upon the ball at practically the same instant as the sound reached the ears of the bowler at the other end of the pitch. When you listen to a concert sent by wireless from the opera house at Milan, or Vienna, or Berlin, you, in your own home and at a range of hundreds of miles, hear each note much sooner than do members of the audience who are sitting in the dress circle or the gallery of the theatre itself.

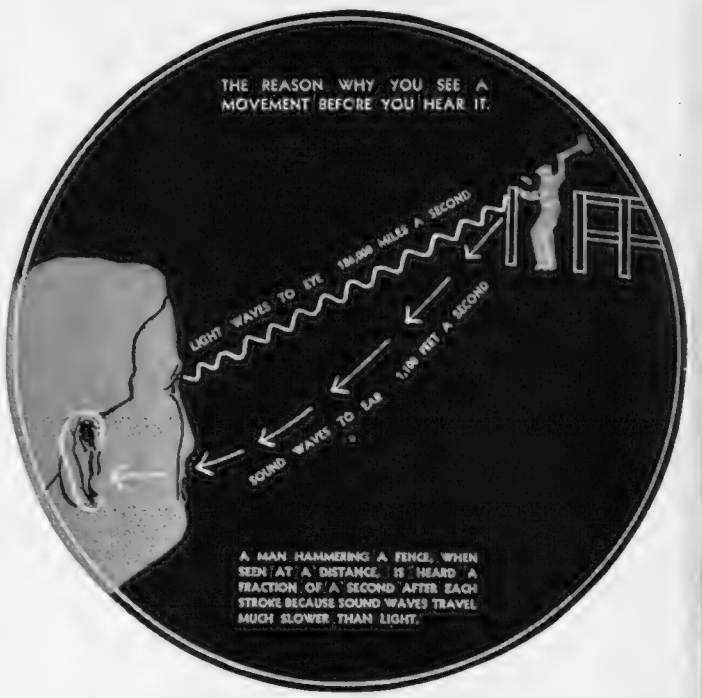
Now let us imagine for a moment that wireless waves have miraculously become visible. As we stand beneath an aerial at any time of the twenty-four hours we are amazed to find that it is being continually bombarded by a host of waves arriving from all directions. Some of them, from the great commercial stations, measure fifteen miles from crest to crest; those from the Midland National station at Daventry are almost a mile in length, whilst the waves that come from stations such as Brookman's Park, Budapest, Rome, Vienna, Strasbourg, and Breslau have an average length of about a quarter of a mile. In addition to these there are waves only a few metres in length arriving from the ends of the earth.

The waves which come from a powerful station at comparatively short range are mighty rollers, though any that arrive from the far ends of the earth are the merest ripples in the ether.

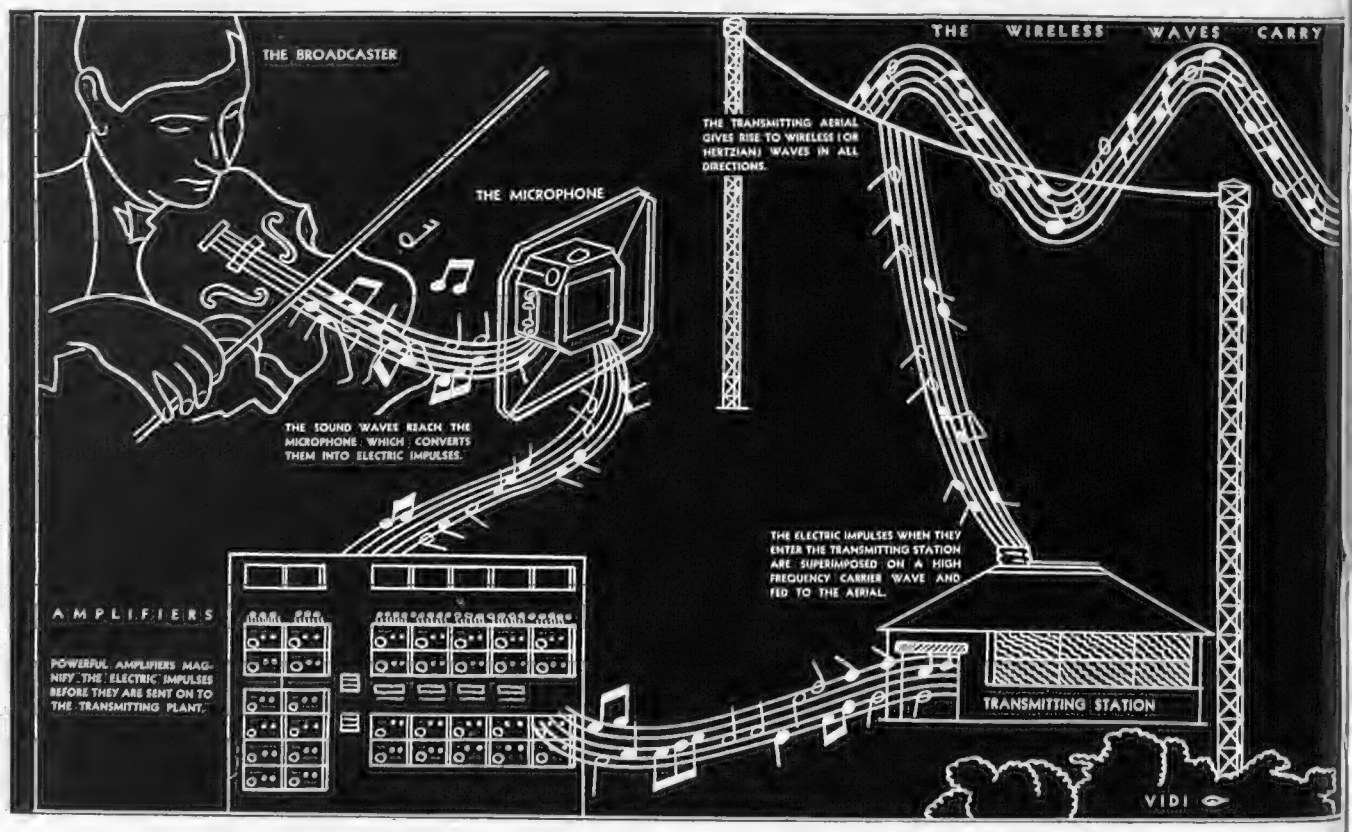
When a receiving set connected to the aerial is tuned to a particular station, we notice that the aerial responds violently to its waves, though others have little effect upon it. Waves of the length to which the aerial is tuned give rise to terrific commotion in its wires. In these there are billions of electrons loosely attached to the atoms to which they belong. The crest and trough of each wave cause hosts of electrons to surge to and fro.

Now, when a stream of electrons rushes through a wire what we know as an electric current is flowing. Thus the ether waves from the broadcasting station to which the aerial is tuned give rise to electric currents in it, and the surges that take place are electrical copies of the ether waves.

The to-and-fro movement of electrons when the set is responding to the waves sent from a particular station causes electrical impulses



THE GREAT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPEED IN SOUND AND LIGHT WAVES: When the eye observes a man hitting a post with a mallet, the light waves convey the image to the eye at the speed of 186,000 miles per second. But the sound of the mallet hitting the post reaches the ear at the rate of only 1,100 ft. per second



HOW WIRELESS MUSIC IS CONVEYED FROM THE BROADCASTER TO THE EAR OF THE LISTENER: This diagram shows is shown on the left. The vibrations, now converted into electrical impulses, are seen on their way through the amplifiers to the wave stream which enables the particular impulses to reach the listener-in wherever he is. In the diagram they are seen reaching the which cause the loudspeaker to

WIRELESS WAVES

to surge through the coil inside the wireless set which is connected to the aerial and earth terminals. These impulses are minute but faithful copies of the waves sent out by the broadcasting station.

Expressions such as "billions of electrons," "waves of a quarter of a mile or more in length," etc. might suggest that the impulses excited in the aerial are of considerable magnitude. In reality they are minute. The motor car provides a useful parallel. The energy expended by the driver in regulating its speed is very small. A tiny increase in the pressure of his foot upon the accelerator pedal causes a two-ton car propelled by a 40-h.p. engine to leap from twenty m.p.h. to fifty. In the course of a long journey the energy expended by the driver is small, though the power developed by the car is comparatively enormous; the power comes, of course, from the easily controlled engine. In the wireless set the power is supplied by batteries or by the electric mains and the wonderful wireless valve enables the current flow to be controlled by the tiny impulses brought in by the aerial. When they arrive at the set they are far too small to regulate the current required to operate a big loudspeaker; but by arranging valves in cascade they can be enormously magnified.

Magnification in the early stages of the set takes place as a rule at what is called high frequency; that is to say, the impulses are dealt with in the form in which they are received by the aerial. The term "high frequency" explains itself when it is realized that during the reception of the London Regional station's programme no less than 843,000 complete waves reach the aerial in every single second. The same number of impulses is set up in the tuned circuits of the receiving set.

After the preliminary amplification, a further process is required in order to make the impulses produce audible sounds. The duty of the detector valve is to remove the high-frequency impulses and to pass on only the electrical copies of the sound waves which they trace out. If a pair of telephones is connected to the output of the detector valve speech and music can be heard clearly, though not very loudly. Though the impulses now produce sounds that the ear can hear they are not yet powerful enough to operate a loudspeaker.

A WAVE BOMBARDMENT: The receiving aerial is bombarded by a host of waves arriving from all directions, those coming from a powerful station at short range being mighty rollers. It is an interesting mental exercise to attempt to visualize the actual form of these sometimes almost world-embracing waves

THE POWER OF WIRELESS WAVES TO PENETRATE OPAQUE SUBSTANCES: One has to get a clear vision of this penetrating power to realize something of the nature of these waves. They go through a brick chimney just as easily as the light waves penetrate a glass window. There are modifications, however, to this phenomenon as listeners-in who live in mountainous countries are aware

They therefore undergo further magnification at low frequency, one or two valves being generally used for this purpose. The last valve in the wireless set is connected to the loudspeaker. A comparatively large amount of current passes through it and the impulses are now big enough to control it and to make its variations reproduce the sound waves set up in the distant studio.

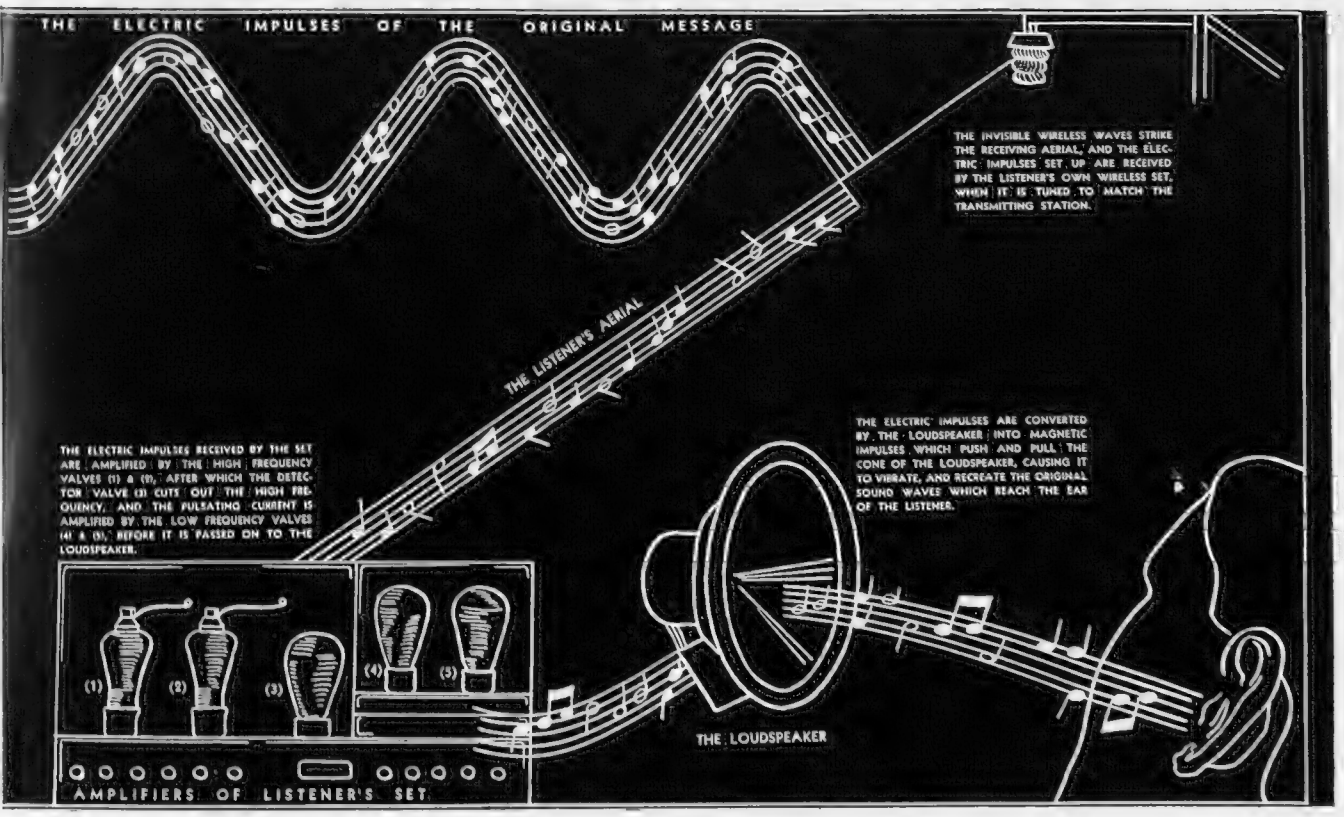
The current from the last valve is passed to the loudspeaker, where yet another transformation takes place; the continually changing current is made to vary the pull of a magnet acting upon either a coil or a piece of metal attached to a cone. The cone moves to and fro, agitating the air round it, and sound waves are set up. The whole process of transmission and reception thus consists of an amazing number of conversions. The sound waves in the studio are converted by the microphone into electrical impulses, and these in their turn are converted by the transmitting plant into ether waves. The ether waves are reconverted into electrical impulses when they reach the receiving aerial; these impulses, after amplification and detection in the receiving set, are converted into magnetic impulses in the loudspeaker, and lastly the movements of the diaphragm change the magnetic impulses into sound waves once more.

Yet despite the extraordinarily complicated treatment to which the original waves are subjected before they are finally reproduced by the loudspeaker they preserve their original shapes, provided of course that the receiving apparatus is up to the mark, without any serious mangling or deformation.

There is one last difficulty that I would like to clear up before leaving the subject of wireless waves. To many people the greatest mystery of all is the passage of such waves without let or hindrance through the solid bricks and mortar of the walls of a house. They can understand readily enough that reception of broadcasting is possible when an outdoor aerial is in use, but how can it possibly take place when a portable set is used indoors or when the aerial consists of a length of wire running round a picture-rail?

Perhaps the simplest way of dealing with the matter is to remind the reader that wireless waves, heat waves, light waves and X-rays are all very closely akin. We know that light waves pass easily through certain solids such as glass or mica or celluloid. They do so because these substances are transparent to them. But lead glass is completely opaque to X-rays, though they pass easily through the skin and flesh of our bodies. Glass, again, is often used as a screen from the heat of a fire.

Bricks and mortar, then, are transparent to wireless waves, though metals are completely opaque to them. That is one reason why poor results are sometimes observed when indoor aerials are used in modern iron-framed buildings.

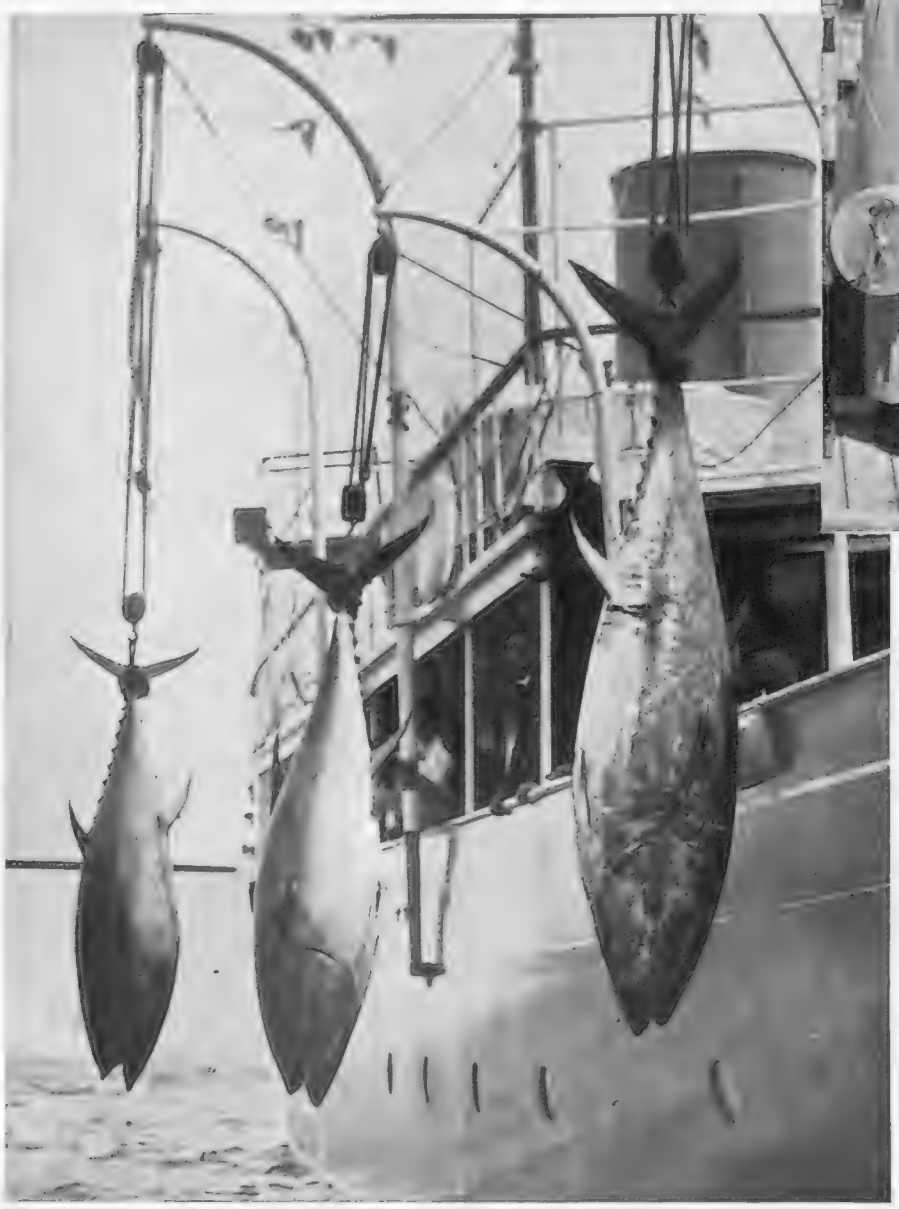


the complicated journey of the original vibrations caused by the bow passing across the strings of a violin. The figure of the radio artist transmitting station where they are carried, or superimposed, on a carrier wave which is created at the station. It is the existence of this listeners' aerial along which they are transmitted to the amplifiers of the receiving set. Here the impulses are converted into vibrations reproduce the original sounds of the violin

TUNNY FISHING OFF THE DOGGER BANK

IN SEARCH OF THE SEA'S BIG GAME: Colonel Stapleton Cotton, Colonel Peel, and (right) Mr. H. G. Hardy and his daughter with a giant tunny fish caught from Colonel Peel's yacht on the opening day of the season. Great numbers of these monster fish are reported off the Dogger Bank, many of them weighing between 500 and 600 lb.

LADY BROUGHTON with the 564 lb. tunny which she caught from Lord Moyne's yacht on August 8, after a prolonged fight. At the end of her struggle Lady Broughton reported that she was bruised from head to foot



TALE OF THREE TUNNY: The end of a good day's work on Colonel Peel's yacht, *St. George III.* This was the first time three such large fish had ever been caught in one day off the Dogger Bank

LANDING one of Colonel Peel's catches on the jetty at Scarborough

Tunny fishing, a sport which most of us would associate with Mediterranean waters, opened at Scarborough on August 5 when Colonel Peel, president of the British Tunny Club, and Colonel Stapleton Cotton left with a party for the Dogger Bank in the yacht *St. George III.* As the accompanying pictures testify, there has already been some excellent sport, while reports from the North Sea indicate the presence of many hundreds of fish. One giant tunny, weighing 426 lb., was landed by Colonel Stapleton Cotton on Scarborough sands after a thrilling fifteen-minute duel in which he eventually succeeded in spite of a smashed rod. Lady Broughton, on the other hand, had a much longer struggle in bringing in an even bigger catch on Lord Moyne's yacht. Accompanying Colonel Peel is Mr. F. S. Russell of the Marine Biological Association, Plymouth, who is making a special study of the habits of tunny in Northern waters

THE JOYS OF SUMMER CAMPING

BANK HOLIDAY UNDER CANVAS

A general view of a week-end camp on the sands near Newquay—a popular resort of motoring holiday-makers

ON THE CORNISH COAST

CAMPING OUT AT CANVEY: Where a sea of tents has sprung up beside the Thames estuary. *Left*—"THE DUKE OF YORK'S HANDICAP": H.R.H. taking part in the sports programme at his Southwold Boys' Camp

WATCHING THE DUKE: The Duke of York about to go for his morning bathe at the Southwold Boys' Camp, Suffolk, where he paid an informal visit on August 8 and spent a night under canvas. Half the 400 boys in the camp come from Public Schools and half from industrial centres—the object being for them to spend a healthy outdoor holiday and at the same time to get to understand one another's point of view

JOHANNES STEEL: The author of *Hitler as Frankenstein*—a new indictment of the German Chancellor, published by Wishart

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

"Almond, Wild Almond"—Miss D. K. Broster Affords Yet Another Proof of Her Ability to Write a Best Seller—The Highlands of Scotland in the Days of the '45: "Hag's Harvest"—Wit and Satire in a Rollicking New J. B. Morton Novel: "Hitler as Frankenstein"—A Virulent Attack upon the Chancellor

There is one problem uppermost in the month of August. We have to pack. It is a singular thing that whenever one is about to travel it transpires that one's wardrobe is strangely inadequate. Numberless articles have to be bought, although we had fondly imagined we were well equipped. There is the problem of climate. For the Englishman the question of the right clothes is complicated. He has to dress according to Fahrenheit, which can drop to 50 and jump to 90. Then if he crosses the Alps to the Mediterranean shore he will want clothing to protect him from the cold of Switzerland and the heat of Italy; the bag, therefore, is packed and unpacked. Too many white things, too few thick. Too many thick things, too few white. The question of weight has also to be faced.

Then comes the question of holiday reading. I feel like a friend who walked into a bookseller's and said, "I want ten books weighing not more than 2 lb." Naturally the bookseller was startled. He produced a series of slim reprints. "No," said my friend, "they must be new books." "If you will take it all in poetry I can satisfy you," answered the bookseller. My own holiday task involved taking five books. They had to be transported across the Channel, over the St. Gotthard, through Italy to the Adriatic. I had them weighed. Here they are, *Hag's Harvest*, by J. B. Morton (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). *Almond, Wild Almond*, by D. K. Broster (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). *George Ashbury*, by O. S. Macdonell (Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.). *Hitler as Frankenstein*, by Johannes Steel (Wishart. 5s.), and *A Country Holiday*, by Arthur Davenport (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). These five books weigh 2½ lb., a little more than that "masterpiece," *A Glastonbury Romance*, which recently got all the critics down and gave them an excessive acute attack of adjectivitis. While packing these books, by no means abnormal in size and weight, I think with gratitude of two Continental Series. There is the admirable *Tauchnitz* edition of English and American authors, There is also its rival, excellent in size, shape, colour, and design, the *Albatross* edition. But I have never understood the oddly capricious manner in which authors are selected for these editions. The worst "highbrow" stands cheek by jowl with the worst "lowbrow" and there are some surprising omissions and admissions.

There is also that disregarded injunction that these editions shall not be imported into the British Isles. I have waited in vain for some twenty years to see a Customs Officer catching a smuggler of *Tauchnitz*. Many respectable travellers have obtained a thrill by "importing" *Ulysses* or *The Well of Loneliness*, which they have exhibited, uncut, unread and unlamented on their shelves. In some cases they have been caught and the copies confiscated. What became of these copies? Do the shelves of Customs Officers' houses groan with "indecent literature" or, as in Nazi-land, was a righteous bonfire made of them? I was once mischievous enough to excite an official by wrapping up Arnold Bennett in the jacket of *Ulysses*. The official pounced. We argued. I declined to surrender the copy. He sent for a high official. I invited him to read. He refused. The comedy was only concluded by my fear of losing the boat train. I had a similar diverting experience in New York when the Customs Officer insisted that a bottle of hair oil was whisky, and the stopper had to be taken off to convince him.

The heaviest of my five books this week is *Hag's Harvest*. I would not have it an ounce lighter. It is light enough in wit as well as weight. Mr. J. B. Morton has a reputation to sustain. In this excursion into the domain of the novelist he enhances his reputation. There never was so mad a story so wittily told. It rolls from one end of Europe to the other, starts with a man drunk in a cellar and ends in a taxi, after a long and exciting quest for an ugly woman. It is a Gargantuan novel, utterly preposterous. How can one outline the story? The hero is Shindillar, 6 ft. 3 ins. tall, broad and full of French wine. He abhors the League of Nations and pretty girls. When his aristocratic parents seek to marry him to his "equal" he sets out on a world tour in search of an ugly woman. He is accompanied by a poet who makes a fortune writing advertisement rhymes, an Irish sailor, and a young Turk who plays cricket for England. The true hag is found at last in a cave in the Caucasus. Alas, when she arrives in London she sets a new standard of beauty and a craze begins. The star of Society, she is married off to Shindillar's brother Prigface. It will be seen that this book is quite mad. It is entirely irrelevant, and is as casual as any Beachcomber can be expected to be. How severe Mr. Morton is upon the world he knows best! He castigates journalism and journalists. There is the execrable Mr. Luke Duke, of the *Daily Sunrise*. "In his opinion no newspaper should ever hesitate between outraging one person's feelings and disappointing one million people's idle curosity. For in his mind there existed a vague public which demanded the lowest and most depraved details upon all occasions, and if this public were not satisfied day by day, advertisement revenue would fall off. On this occasion as on a few others, he had agreed, after discussion, not to serve the public quite so well as he might, because a big name was involved in the scandal; and the Big Name had a brother, a Fairly Large Name, who advertised copiously in the *Daily Sunrise*."

No one who thinks of visiting Germany should be unwise enough to pack *Hitler as Frankenstein* in his bag. He would certainly get into trouble. This is a virulent attack upon Hitler and his lieutenants. If one half of what Johannes Steel writes is true then Germany is at present in the hands of lunatics and criminals. It is a pity Herr Steel weakens his indictment with hearsay and malicious tittle-tattle. He seems to have facts enough to damn the Hitler régime, without suppositions based on gossip. "So the leaders of a movement which claims to have a monopoly of all that is desirable in ethics, morals, and high thinking, are in the overwhelming majority nothing but a collection of madmen, drug fiends, crooks, and murderers, whom a trick of fate has made the masters of more than sixty million people."

The assertion that it is a trick of fate seems a little weak. The great mass of the German people appear to have chosen the Nazi regime, and are supporting it. In all revolutions the criminals and bullies find their opportunities, but behind the Nazi campaign there must have been a wide feeling of discontent. There are assertions in this book which should be challenged and met, as for instance the statement that Mr. Henry Ford, having stopped his campaign against the Jews in U.S.A., liberally endowed a party in Germany to conduct a similar campaign. This book is the work of a Socialist Jew. It is prefaced by Professor Harold Laski, himself a Socialist Jew. Even so, there are charges in this book which cannot be ignored by any self-respecting nation. Herr Steel diagnoses the cause of the attack on the Jews. "The Storm Troops craving for action are satisfied with organized brutalities clad in the romantic mysticism which is so dear to the German heart. The Nazis are not strong enough to get at their enemies outside, so they kill off an imaginary enemy inside, who has not a chance of defence; and this gives the Storm Troops that intoxicated delirium of victory which Hitler has to provide in order not to lose prestige."

Miss D. K. Broster stands now in the rank of the best sellers, which means that a large number of reviewers will charge her with writing popular rubbish, since large sales fill them with anguish. But she does not write rubbish, and her success is well deserved. I cannot think of a bad book from her pen. She remains true to her type. She loves the Scottish scene, she likes the period of the Stuart invasion, and she adores a gallant young Frenchman with a title and a name like Marie-Cyprien de Lancize. It enables her to give us figures with romantic manners and dress, long and delightfully whimsical speeches, and, at the slightest provocation, the heroic attitude. How well she does this costume business *Almond, Wild Almond* is yet another proof. We are in the Highlands of the Forty-Five. Bride Stewart, a beautiful girl, holds the love of four men. Meanwhile, there are secret meetings, the Royal Pretender, battles and banquets, and countless surprises. "'Forty thousand devils!' exclaimed Lieutenant the Vicomte Marie-Cyprien d'Orniéres de Lancize, as he sprang back. . . ." It is the Orczy manner, of course, most worthily maintained, with a nice sense of history and the born gift for telling a story.

Here are two books obviously written by "amateurs." Their machinery creaks, their dialogue is stilted, the pattern well known. Yet they have merits of freshness and are rich in their matter. Mr. O. S. Macdonell, from his exile in Burma looked homeward to his native Lake District, and told a story he had heard, *George Ashbury*. It is most excellently done, from the moment that a wicked Lord gets young Ashbury into his hands, until the happy ending with the betrothed couple obtaining the blessing of a dying father. It is old-fashioned in design and sentiment, but how truly excellent are those descriptions of the Lake District, and what an exciting flight Mr. Macdonell has narrated. The Cumberland wrestling, the lore of the dalesmen, the days of the mountain smugglers, all these things fill in the background of this excellent story. It is full of character and characters, and of surprising details, such as that Ravenglass once had a harbour crowded with Mediterranean ships and great warehouses in which supplies were kept for the armies of the Roman Empire that guarded the Great Wall.

A Country Holiday is a correct title. A town boy goes to stay with a country boy. It seems to me that the town boy does nothing but ask the country boy questions. He answers them all with patience and full knowledge. In this manner Mr. Arthur Davenport has sought to convey the wealth of knowledge which he obviously possesses concerning the countryside, despite his modest disclaimer. The woods, the river, the moor, the farm, all these provide him with the setting for his young holiday-makers. The Arab strain in horses, the legend of toads living entombed in rocks—nothing comes amiss to Mr. Davenport, a walking country encyclopædia.

In *Brasstacks* (Nicholson and Watson. 5s.), Mr. George S. Royds, the enterprising chief of a most successful advertising firm, tells us "how he has done it." We owe the size and the contents of all our papers to the advertiser. In this way he is the benefactor of the reader apart from what he sells him. The rapid growth of Press advertising, the immense sums of money spent upon it have called into existence experts who have studied the problem of advertising. Mr. Royds has been behind many of the "slogans" that have caught the public fancy, and he has a most interesting story to tell on the art of catching the public eye and the public's fancy. What a gallery of public characters we owe to the live advertising agent, Grandpa Kruschen, the Beefex Boy, the Amami Girl, the Members of the Mustard Club, the Kensitas Butler, etc. "You may like to hear how the slogan, 'Friday Night is Amami Night,' was coined. Very simple. The manager and I lunched at Frascati's every Friday, and we commented that Friday appeared to be Amami day. As it is pay day, and the forerunner of the week-end campaign of allure launched by every woman, we couldn't resist its appeal." Simple, when you have the gift.

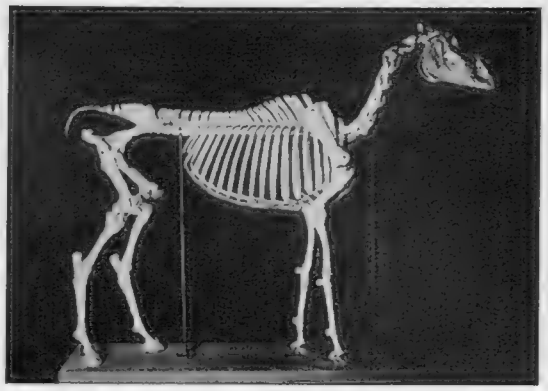
MR. AND MRS. DENNIS WHEATLEY: A new portrait of the author of the well-known thriller, *The Forbidden Territory*, and his wife. Mr. Wheatley has recently had a second book published by Hutchinson's, *Such Power is Dangerous*

STUFFED HORSES

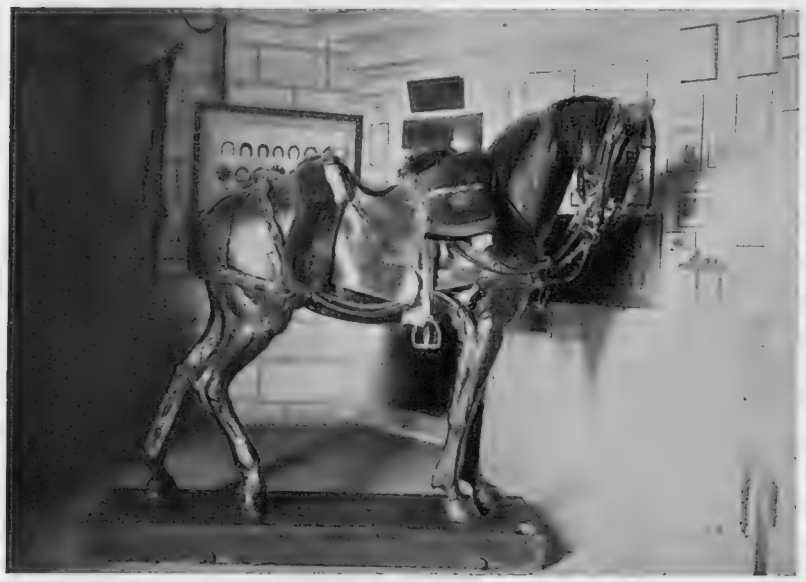
The French Cavalry Museum at Saumur

RELICS FROM THE SAUMUR MUSEUM: Bits, and sections of bridle gear, dating from the Greek and Roman periods. *Right*—The skeleton of the famous turf favourite, Flying Fox

THE CASTLE OF SAUMUR: The imposing fourteenth and fifteenth century château where the exhibits of the French Cavalry School are now housed



EARLY TYPES OF STIRRUP IRON dating from the time of the Roman occupation of Gaul. Most of these examples are either Merovingian or Carlovingian



AN ARTILLERY HORSE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE: The animal has been stuffed and equipped with the harness normally employed in this period for drawing gun carriages

SADDLERY AND ACCOUTREMENTS on a charger of the time of Charles X when cavalry was still the spearhead of a military attack

MEXICAN CAVALRY CHARGER fully equipped for service

A COSSACK'S HORSE stuffed and preserved in the Saumur Museum

The picturesque riverside town of Saumur, headquarters of the French Cavalry School, is also famous for its unique collection of stuffed horses and equine relics. Here in the romantic fourteenth and fifteenth century château, once a stronghold of French Protestantism, the history and evolution of the horse, both in war and peace, can now be traced through every age from primitive times down to the present day. Saddles, bits, bridles, stirrup irons, horseshoes, and every type of harness are exhibited in their chronological order, while stuffed horses, equipped in the styles of each period, provide the student of history with a wealth of first-hand information for the reconstruction of scenes of other days. English visitors will be particularly interested in the skeleton of the famous thoroughbred, Flying Fox, which died in 1911 as the result of a severe spinal fracture. A close examination of the picture reproduced above clearly reveals this break. Both for the horse-lover and the historian the Saumur Museum has an inevitable appeal, and the fact that new additions are constantly being made gives renewed interest to every visit. In devoting the château to the display of these relics France has paid an outstanding tribute to the part which the horse has played throughout the ages in the progress and the affairs of man

Real luxury coupled with lasting economy means a V8

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE NEW LONG-DISTANCE RECORD

And Other Flying Matters of Current Interest

A few months ago Britain held the three essential air records. Now there is only one left to us, the altitude record. Italy, in the person of Warrant Officer Agello, the Schneider Trophy pilot, took the world's speed record on April 10 with a Macchi Castoldi Fiat seaplane going at 426 m.p.h., and now France holds the long distance record of 5,911½ miles. MM. Codos and Rossi have beaten the Gayford-Nicholletts' flight in the Fairey-Napier monoplane last February by 500 miles. They have at least left a decent interval—spent perhaps in careful preparation—between the events. It would have been rather ridiculous if, as was planned, Rossi and Boussotrot had accomplished their flight when our own record was only a couple of days old. Their achievement is a brilliant one, though we shall have to compare the capabilities of the two machines to arrive at a clearer view of the matter. The Fairey-Napier carried over 1,000 gallons of petrol; its weight was 7½ tons, and the Lion engine developed 530 h.p. The Bleriot 110 monoplane carried over 1,600 gallons of petrol, and though it was 1½ tons heavier than the English machine its Hispaño-Suiza engine was 50 per cent. larger than the Lion and gave 650 h.p. While the R.A.F. 'plane, therefore, landed with less than 10 gallons of petrol left, the Bleriot with a 50 per cent. greater petrol supply was only able to fly an extra 500 miles.

So that in essentials the performances are much the same. What it all boils down to is that if you fill up heavy machines sufficiently with petrol tanks so that the pilots can neither see out from their position behind them, and have to fly "blind" over the Atlantic, nor have any space to move in, add wireless and instruments to taste, including automatic pilots, and suitably nourishing provisions for a couple of strong men, you have all the ingredients of a long distance flight, and the machine that carries the most petrol establishes what is called a record. I am sick of "records." When a machine turns up that will travel 500 miles farther on the *same amount of petrol* as another one, that I grant you will be a record. At the moment nations seem to be running round in circles trying to prove a superiority of performance in machines of an average and equal level of excellence.

Perhaps recognition of this fact accounts for the official attitude in this country towards world records. The French Government awards MM. Codos and Rossi the handsome sum of 1,000,000 francs for their effort and promises the same sum to the pilot who shall capture the height *record* set up by Flight Lieutenant Uwins. Meanwhile economy is the only record attempted in British Government Air Estimates.

Certainly the British public will not remain content with this filching of our much beloved records. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the French will long enjoy their triumph. In the field of heavy machines they will hold their own for some time yet, but the Mollisons are hot upon their heels with a much lighter machine it is true, but carrying much less petrol since their engine will use much less to the mile. The new Dragon Moth, similar in every respect to *Seafarer*, will hold 600 gallons of fuel—giving, at a very conservative estimate of ten miles to the gallon, a range of 6,000 miles. But actual performance has a habit of dropping considerably below estimates, and even if 6,000 miles is the very lowest estimate, likely to be beaten in performance, still the new record will hardly be of any great dimensions especially as the 'plane is a much lighter one.

Savoia-Marchetti Seaplanes.—What is wrong with Italian seaplanes? Something quite serious obviously, else why should three of them come to grief in exactly the same manner—causing tragedy at Amsterdam and the Azores, and injury at Valencia? Only a couple of days separated the last upsets which took place on the 9th and the 11th. In the mishap at Valencia the four-engined seaplane of General Julio Valle, chief of the Italian Naval Air Staff, overturned on touching the water not far from the beach. Why? It might have been due to the failure of two of the engines causing the pilot to land too roughly in apprehension of running too close in. It is not disclosed whether the General's boat was a Savoia-Marchetti, as were those in the Armada, but in any case the fault was the same—occurring in both landing and taking-off. "An error in manœuvring" was General Balbo's understandably terse remark. Maybe the Savoia-Marchettis *need* a deal of careful manœuvring, but no expense was spared in the preliminary training for the navigation of these machines extending over two years. So that it seems odd that a pilot should not have been thoroughly conversant with the ways of them.

The design of them seems to me to lack balance, and to be singularly predisposed to any danger there might be of capsizing. I don't like the tail high in the air, stuck on, it almost seems, and the twin hulls. Water resistance on these is sufficient to render the machine nose-heavy, and it already suffers from this defect with the engines and propellers so far forward. It is bunched together in front with a tail put on at the back. As flying boats they are not in the same category of thoroughly stable and even-keeled design characteristic of, say, a Short "Scipio" or "Singapore."

(Continued on p. 304)

AMERICA TO SYRIA NON-STOP: The 600-h.p. monoplane, *Joseph le Brix*, in which MM. Codos and Rossi gained for France the world's non-stop long-distance record with a flight of nearly 6,000 miles from New York to Rayak, Syria

MR. TSENG TEH LING, a young Chinese millionaire, who has recently bought a Gipsy Moth two seater which was formerly the property of the Prince of Wales, is planning to fly the machine back to Shanghai, where it is his ambition to popularise civil aviation. He is seen with Mr. George Strachan, a Belfast pilot, who will accompany him on his flight

A VALUABLE RECONAISSANCE FLIGHT: Mr. John Grierson, seen before starting on his trip from Brough Aerodrome, Hull, to New York. He is making the journey by easy stages and taking a northerly course through Scapa, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland

THE 601st COUNTY OF LONDON BOMBER SQUADRON, composed mainly of City business men, is now in camp at Lympne Aerodrome. These men are seen receiving a lesson in aerial photography

STARTING A NEW BRITISH AIR LINE: An air service between London and Plymouth is being put into operation from Croydon this week by the International Airlines, Ltd. In the above picture Mr. C. S. Humphries (right), the ground engineer, is seen with two of the pilots, Mr. S. W. A. Scott and Flight Lieutenant Pudney. It was Mr. Humphries who gave Mrs. Mollison her first lessons in flying

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

The First of a Series of Notes on the London Stage of Other Days: Reviewing the First Performance of "The Merry Widow": The Genius of Arthur Collins: When the Cinema Put an End to the Old Melodramas of Drury Lane

By PHILIP PAGE

THE TOAST OF THE TOWN: Lily Elsie as Sonia and Joe Coyne as Prince Danilo in *The Merry Widow*—the musical comedy at Daly's which took London by storm in the summer of 1907

It is a sharp, though not necessarily unpleasant, reminder that one is qualifying for the label veteran when a fellow-dramatic critic writes, in a daily paper, "I do not, of course, remember Sir Herbert Tree, who was long before my time."

That "of course" I found mystifying. Should critics *not* remember Sir Herbert Tree? If that is so, I am doubly damned, for I remember Sir Henry Irving. Five-and-twenty years of professional attendance at London theatres—unbroken save for a portion of the war years—cannot include criticism of Irving, who died in 1905; the glamour of that personality still remains, for those who saw him, so strong that one is apt to regard him as above criticism, which is certainly not the case.

I saw the great man only at the end of his life, when his powers were said to be failing. As a youthful and unskilled observer, I could not believe that; but I did believe that the palsied hand and uncertain gait of Corporal Brewster in *Waterloo* were effects any good character actor could achieve (to Irving this must have been child's play), and that *Dante*, the only other play in which I saw him, was a poor affair, unworthy of that mighty genius. To have known only so much, or so little, of Irving is tantalizing.

SIR HENRY IRVING: One of the greatest personalities the stage has ever known—a portrait taken toward the end of his life

The first play of which I wrote what it would be impertinence to call criticism was a rather serious piece at the Haymarket called *The Unforeseen*. I was writing, as a schoolboy, for a school magazine. The beautiful Miss Evelyn Millard (whom I saw, grey-haired but still beautiful, a few weeks ago) was the leading lady, and Mr. Cyril Maude appeared as a blind clergyman—a most pathetic part. With precocious cynicism I headed the article "Blind man's buff at the Vicarage"; it must have been very silly, full of errors, and probably not in the best of taste—qualities that are no mean recommendation to a highly-paid position in London to-day. But that was thirty years ago, when income tax was lower and the standard of accuracy higher.

University journalism had pleasanter aspects than schoolboy journalism, the most important of these being that one was paid for it. I had many distinguished predecessors, including two bishops, as dramatic critic at Oxford of *The Isis*, and at the same time held a similar post on *The 'Varsity*, a profitable little paper which I ran in conjunction with the late C. B. Gull, brother of Ranger Gull ("Guy Thorne"), who wrote that much-discussed novel, *When it was Dark*. "Gully" had an unswerving notion that the only plays which need be mentioned in *The 'Varsity* were those which had a chorus—and not a Greek chorus. He was the senior partner and refused to give way; so it was in *The Isis* that I discoursed learnedly on the visits of Sir John Martin-Harvey (then Mr.), Sir Frank Benson (then Mr.), the late Sir Herbert Tree (then Mr.), and the late Arthur Bourchier (always Mr.), who was hailed as "Oxford's own actor," and made much of by members of the O.U.D.S., which he had helped to found. *The 'Varsity* regarded only the inner essence and ethical values of No. 2 tours of *The Cingalee*, *San Toy*, and *Three Little Maids*.

Once a year the boards of New Theatre, Oxford, were trodden by undergraduate amateurs. Still vivid are my recollections of *Measure for Measure*, with a tall youth, Ivan Snell, as the executioner, in itself a hint of legal activities to come, for he is now a police magistrate; of the terror of rehearsing with a real live actress from London, Miss Lily Brayton, who, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, played Katharine to the Petruchio of Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., M.P., then a slim youth at Balliol, and of the performances of one of the best actors Oxford ever knew, amateur or professional—C. W. Mercer, who now writes "best-sellers" under the name of Dornford Yates.

Theatrical London in the days when I first received a cheque for poking my nose into it was much as it had been for many years previously and quite different from the theatrical London of to-day.

The great changes were imminent, but had not begun. The cinema hardly existed beyond a ten-minutes' show put on as part of the variety entertainment at the Palace Theatre and a quaint little hall in the Strand, decorated to resemble a railway carriage, where one looked at travel pictures. The Ambassadors, St. Martin's, Phœnix, Dominion, Prince Edward, Cambridge, Piccadilly, Saville, and Fortune Theatres were not built. Oscar Hammerstein had not yet opened the mammoth building in Kingsway, over the front entrance of which were his features carved in stone (long since chipped away), which began as the London Opera House and is now a picture theatre. Film critics, non-stop variety, fruit sundaes, Greta Garbo, wireless programmes, Jim and Amy, crooners, pneumatic drills and gossip columns had not been invented.

Irving had passed, and although many admitted grudgingly, or not at all, that his mantle had descended on Tree, the Shakespearean and other productions at His Majesty's were beyond question worthy and dignified. That much criticized yet much regretted institution, the actor-manager, was still flourishing—Cyril Maude at the Haymarket, Seymour Hicks at the Vaudeville, Charles Hawtrey, George Alexander at the St. James's, Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick, Martin Harvey then, as now, mostly on tour but making occasional and always welcome appearances in London, H. B. Irving playing his father's parts well and other parts better, his brother Lawrence (drowned in the *Empress of Ireland* disaster in 1914) striking out a line for himself, and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, his retirement several years distant, drawing all London to *The Light that Failed* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

CYRIL MAUDE making-up in his dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre. From 1896 onward he was one of the most successful of London's actor-managers

Revue, in spite of the brilliant *Under the Clock* (1893) by Charlie Brookfield and Seymour Hicks, which was before its time and mine, was still a foreign growth which, like certain wines, "would not travel," and musical comedy had its own way.

It was a musical comedy, perhaps the greatest of them all—*The Merry Widow*—that was the occasion of my first job as a critic on a London daily. Thank goodness, I did not, as is the way of baby-critics, find in it all that was damnable and declare, with the omniscience of the early 'twenties, that it could not possibly run a week. I had been turned on as an understudy, for it was not until a couple of years later, 1909, that I joined the staff of the now-vanished *The Daily Graphic*, just to look after the music and then the drama and finally both.

The first night of *The Widow* at Daly's was one of the few which can be legitimately labelled a "triumph"—a word nowadays always applied to any play that is applauded at all.

It was a triumph for George Edwardes, whose wisdom in choosing the piece had been questioned; a lucky choice was important at the moment, for *The Little Michus* and *Les Merveilleuses* had not been the financial successes they had certainly deserved to be, and the coffers at Daly's sadly needed filling. It was also a triumph for Lily Elsie, than whom no musical-comedy queen has ever looked lovelier in the big black hat and *vieux rose* opera cloak in which she made her entrance in the last act. "Merry Widow hats" became the rage from

THE OLD EMPIRE, SQUARE: ...iety when variety ...and now convert... London's most up-to-date

OF DRAMA

that moment, and their reign was long. Constantly it is stated to-day that Edwardes "picked Lily Elsie out of the chorus against the advice of all his friends" to play that great part. Quite untrue. She had been adored at the Gaiety in *The New Aladdin* and before that in *The Chinese Honeymoon* and was never in the chorus in her life. Even as a child she had some fame on the music-hall stage as Little Elsie.

Nearly all that company survive and have changed surprisingly little. Gabrielle Ray has vanished into retirement. So, it seems, has Robert Evett. Poor little Fred Kaye, with his dachshund, waddle, and his habit of repeating his lines ("say everything four times, four times, four times, four times; make the part longer, make it longer, make it longer, make it longer") died just before the war. But Joe Coyne, at sixty-six, has the figure and vitality of a youth. Lennox Pawle, plump and unchanged, I came across the other day. George Graves when last I met him, only a fortnight ago, was about to take *The Widow* out on tour. "We've dusted up the old witch and popped on her a set of new under-pants," he said, "and are going to give her an airing at Morecambe. Thank goodness they've just burned the pier down, so that wipes out the opposition."

The crowds that surrounded the theatre after the play was over were enormous and the alley from Cranbourne Street to Lisle Street was impassable. In those days the public swarmed round stage-doors to see interesting people come out; now they swarm round the stalls entrance to see uninteresting people go in. *Autres temps, autres mœurs* . . . . The crutch and toothpick brigade, the slippers of half-crowns to Jupp, the Cerberus of the Gaiety, the lads who waited with small bouquets and large expectations, or large bouquets and small expectations, according to luck or degree, for the ladies of the chorus, were not wholly laudable members of the community. But they were not so half-witted as, and certainly less aimless in their vigils than, the folk who gape on the pavement at any modern first night, fashionable or unfashionable.

Midnight saw a move to Romano's, where there were several Daly's tables reserved. Romano's then had progressed from the stage when halves of cabbages, raw steaks and sausages, and a tomato or two were displayed in the window, and occupied in theatre-land much the same position that the Savoy Grill does to-day. "The Roman" himself had been dead for some years and Luigi Maintré ruled—already a considerable figure but not yet the *arbiter elegantiarum* that he became when he reached the Embassy via Ciro's and the East Room at the Criterion.

At his usual table in the corner that night sat Arthur Collins of Drury Lane, full of congratulations. Collins not only had not an ungenerous or envious thought in him, but had the sense to know that success at a rival theatre is good for the theatre generally. When he retired, some years before his death, the London stage lost a producer who knew infinitely more than the highly-paid and much-puffed importations with foreign names, and who was modesty itself about that knowledge. He was rarely known to go to bed, his stories lasted hours and sometimes days, he lived, apparently, on Turkish cigarettes and whisky and soda, with an occasional chicken sandwich when rehearsing; not one of his stage effects was ever known to fail. What put an end to the melodramas of old Drury Lane was not any deterioration in their value but the advent of the cinema. Not even Arthur Collins' most ingenious shipwrecks could compare with real ships on a real sea.

I can see that corner table now — Collins, Colonel Newnham Davis ("The Dwarf of Blood"), who had come along from the Empire, for which he wrote ballets, Harry Wilson, the solicitor, who carried half theatre-land's secrets and could not be induced to send in a bill, and Dicky Lindo, the Lane's secretary. All are gone!

LEICESTER
The home of var-
was in its heyday,
ed into one of
luxurious and
cinemas

A POTENTIAL RECORD BREAKER: Anna Neagle as she appears in the part of Sarah Millick in the British and Dominions screen version of Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet* which is scheduled to begin its initial West-end run at the Carlton this week. The film has been admirably cast and Mr. Herbert Wilcox, the director, appears to have followed very closely the lines of the original stage production. Ivy St. Helier, who made such a success as Manon la Grevette, the diseuse of Herr Schlick's café in Vienna, again takes the same part, while Fernand Graavey, who many consider closely resembles Robert Montgomery, makes, as Carl Linden the romantic music master, an admirable partner for the versatile Anna Neagle

THE ELOPEMENT: Another scene from the screen version of *Bitter Sweet*. Sarah Millick (Anna Neagle) decides to follow the dictates of her heart and, on the eve of her wedding to Hugh Devon, to run away to Vienna with Carl Linden (Fernand Graavey), the young music master with whom she has fallen desperately in love

HOLLYWOOD'S MEXICAN STAR

A new portrait of Dolores del Rio, the talented star of *Bird of Paradise*, who is now engaged in the filming of W. H. Hudson's great story of South America —*Green Mansions*

SPHERE of TRAVEL

DOOR TO DOOR SERVICE: A barge passing into the Auction building at Alsmeer, near Amsterdam, where Holland's most important flower sales take place. The canal runs right through the premises

AWAITING A BUYER: A mass of lovely lilac blooms at an Alsmeer auction

THE "EXCHANGE OF COLOURS": Buyers engaged in bidding at the Alsmeer Auction Hall

SOMETHING TO SEE IN HOLLAND

A shrub sculptor at work with his shears in one of the Alsmeer sale gardens

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

IN BECKFORD'S BATH

The Romantic who Built Fonthill the Wonderful

Bath is unique among English cities. It is the complete expression of one age, and remains a monument of the beauty, strength, and elegance of the eighteenth century. It was also remarkable for its many outstanding and original personalities who were intimately connected with its story. One of these was William Beckford, the builder of the fantastic dream house, Fonthill. He was an eighteenth century *poseur*, rivalling Byron in his affections; and yet at the same time a man of considerable ability. At the age of ten he had inherited a huge fortune from his father, who had made his money in Jamaica, then a great source of wealth. Beckford was educated at home, never attending school or university, which doubtless had something to do with his eccentricity. He delighted in doing exactly what he wanted, acting throughout life as a spoilt boy, doing things upon the caprice of the moment.

He is remembered as the author of *Vathek*, a curious Oriental fantasy, a kind of Arabian Nights story, which he gave out that he had written in three days and two nights, but which it has been conclusively proved occupied him for many months. The chief cause of his celebrity, however, was the building of Fonthill Abbey, though no abbey had ever stood there. It was the age of romanticism, and mock ruins and temples were the desire of all owners of estates, one even going so far as to build a steeple on a cottage in order to give the right atmosphere to a vista! Wyatt, the architect, responsible for much work that is now abhorred, was commissioned to build the fantastic "abbey," which was to be erected partly in ruins, and so eager was Beckford to see his dream of Gothic-Arabian-Italian architecture arise that the workmen went on throughout the night.

A SECRET PATHWAY: Beckford delighted in having private access from his house in Bath itself to his tower high up on Lansdown. Portions of the pathway still exist to-day

LOOKING DOWN the cylindrical staircase in Beckford's Tower

It was built in the shape of a cross with a huge tower, which fell a few years afterwards and had to be rebuilt. We hear of marvels which must have excited the keenest curiosity of his contemporaries, of a dining-room capable of seating 300 people, endlessly long galleries, lofty halls where apparently some kind of concealed lighting was used, and above all an oratory to be seen at the end of one of the galleries, lit by candles which illuminated a picture of St. Anthony. Perhaps he was anticipating some of the effects aimed at by present day architects—in any case, its fantasies do not seem to have shocked the artists of the day.

Twenty years of occupation, and then Beckford startled England by announcing the sale of Fonthill and all its contents. Whether he was merely tired of it, or was really short of money as he announced, is not known, but as he found a purchaser of the "abbey" for £330,000, and we are told that no fewer than 7,200 copies of the catalogue were sold at a guinea a piece, some money came back to him. The prices for the furniture and pictures, some of which were remarkably good, are all known, and were excellent for the time.

With this remnant of his fortune Beckford retired to Bath, where he spent the remaining twenty-two years of his life. He attempted to buy Prior Park, the former home of Ralph Allen, but considering he was being asked a fancy price he contented himself with two houses in Lansdown Crescent which he united by a bridge. Towers being an obsession with him he obtained an estate on the downland behind and above the Crescent, where he built a tower and carried out on a miniature scale something of the Fonthill "effects"—the oratory and library—where he could live the life of a recluse to which he aspired. For all his posing he was a real lover of books, which he bought in the collector's spirit, and to the end he delighted in a sale catalogue, and well he might, the sale catalogues of about 1830 having items which would make the mouths of book collectors to-day drop rivers of envy!

As one faces the broad esplanade of Lansdown Crescent, with the fairy city lying below, at night time bursting into a thousand golden jewels of light, one thinks of the elderly recluse looking out of the spacious bay windows of his house, or riding out in true eighteenth century style, with a groom in front and two behind, to keep off the riff-raffery of Bath. A strange being indeed, yet said to be, according to Dr. Garnett, "a courteous and unassuming gentleman" to the few who were admitted into his privacy.

Drawn by Percy Home

BECKFORD'S TOWER ON THE SUMMIT OF LANSDOWN: An impression of the slender tower seen from a sloping meadow 700 ft. above sea level

BECKFORD'S HOUSE in Lansdown Crescent, Bath. It was here that the builder of Fonthill lived after the sale of his famous property

JEWELLERY WITH A MISSION

Novelties of the Autumn Season

Whether the Gems are rare and costly or of the synthetic type, the settings are exquisite, and each piece is chosen to accent some feature of the dress or hat with which it is worn

A very charming evening bag made from a complete circle of white peau d'ange with a gleaming pattern. It is surmounted by a paste fastener, and comes from Woolland Bros.

A trio of bracelets and a novel watch bracelet from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company of Regent Street. Composed of diamonds set in platinum, with rubies introduced into the widest bracelet, they are outstandingly interesting on account of the intricacy and virility of their design and the perfection of the setting. Practically every phase of the cutter's art is represented, and the purity of the stones causes them to seem full of life and fire. The circular motif in the watch bracelet embodies an entirely new and exclusive idea

Very large earrings and brooches will be necessary adjuncts to the clothes we shall wear in the autumn, any effect of heaviness being banished by the delicate and beautifully balanced designs. Those depicted above are at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge, and are composed of the finest paste

Two new hat clips of attractive design and great versatility. The circular one may be worn, as shown, at the back of a beret or on an upturned brim, while the crescent-shaped clip looks particularly well among the folds of a hat or a softly draped corsage. These also come from Woolland Bros.

PART OF THE SUMMER UPHEAVAL: Trolley-buses having replaced the trams at Kingston-on-Thames, the tram track is being pulled up, leaving barely room for a single line of traffic

FATALITY: A cyclist was killed and a woman with her seven-year-old daughter was injured when this No. 11 bus, in attempting to avoid the cyclist, ran on to the pavement

A COAST ROAD REOPENED: The road between Towyn and Dolgelly has just been reopened after being banned to traffic since February last, owing to a landslide. This coastal route is one of the prettiest runs in Wales

BARE-BACK RIDING! Two heat-wave cyclists threading their way through the Trafalgar Square traffic during the recent warm spell. One of the many methods Londoners adopted of keeping cool

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

At the Wheel of an M.G. Magna—Gear-boxes of the Future—Catching the Bad Driver—The Ford Factory at Cork

Having driven comparatively heavy saloon cars for the best part of six months on end and before that a light car with a closed body, I suddenly found myself the other day at the wheel of a particularly lively open M.G. Magna. This car has a very fine lively performance and its six-cylinder engine is perfectly smooth throughout its entire range of revolutions.

In the old pre-War days closed-in cars were, of course, a comparative rarity and I, like the majority of other motorists, travelled round the country without a roof over our heads. In those days I had the utmost dislike to any kind of protection, refused even to wear goggles and, of course, a windscreen never found a place on my car. There is no getting away from the fact that motoring in such conditions is real motoring and does one a power of good as well as giving intense pleasure. To-day, most of us use our cars merely as a means of transport and we float along quite noiselessly at 60 m.p.h. perhaps in a dinner jacket without hat or overcoat. Moving about at speed thus attired is a wonderful testimonial to the progress made in motor-car design, but it has, in my opinion, made motoring on fine days far less pleasurable. On this open car, putting the windscreen down flat on the bonnet, the rush of air at even 40 m.p.h. almost takes one's breath away, but it is very pleasant, and at the end of a run the benefit of having one's lungs supercharged with fresh air is distinctly felt. I am not suggesting that I would prefer this open-air motoring on a foggy, a damp or a wet day, but I am quite convinced that those who can afford it should have an open, quick-moving car as well as their lordly limousine.

It is some time since I drove any distance on a modern small high-speed touring car, but this recent experience of mine has confirmed my opinion that there is something peculiarly attractive about this type of car, and that is obviously why we see on the roads to-day thousands of small, quick machines. They cost very little to run, they hold the road in an astonishing manner, and one can take almost grotesque liberties with them and still remain normally seated. The foreigner is rapidly appreciating that Britain is the home of the small motor car, and as his pocket is not quite so luxuriously lined as it was he is looking more and more to the small and baby motor cars to provide him with the means of rapid transport. He realizes that Britain is supreme in this particular field and as a result our exports in motor cars are highly satisfactory. We all freely curse our authorities for having saddled us with taxation based on R.A.C. rating, but if it has damaged us in certain directions it has assisted our manufacturers in perfecting the smaller car. Had we not been forced to fit small engines to our cars it is doubtful whether to-day we should obtain the terrific power that we do from these diminutive power units.

Already there are rumours as to what we shall and what we shall not see at Olympia in October. At this more or less early date it is difficult to confirm any statement, but one thing which is quite certain is that practically every motor car will standardize for 1934 an easy-change gear-box. The days of the crash-box, as I may best call it, are definitely numbered, and their number is not large. At one time if such a revolution had been thought possible an outcry would have arisen, particularly from those who actually are experts in gear-changing and those who imagine they are. Ever since Sir Malcolm Campbell had a Wilson gear-box fitted to his Sunbeam racing car the old idea that these easy-change boxes were only for our grandmothers has disappeared. To-day most of our manufacturers will provide an easy-change box if requested to do so, if a standard model is not listed, but in 1934 the difficulty will be to find a car without this type of unit in its transmission system. I don't for one moment expect that we shall stand still at this particular point. The motor car of the future, if it will not be already fitted with a truly flexible engine, will have a gear-box on which the changes can be rung either automatically by the engine, or by merely pressing electric buttons on the rim of the steering wheel. Intense activity amongst designers and inventors is already taking place along these lines.

Many times in these notes of mine I have criticized the Mobile Police and have drawn attention to the fact that they did not seem to be carrying out the duties which were expected of them and for which they were originally mobilized. As I have stated before, the primary object of this comparatively new force was to make our roads safer by putting a stop to reckless driving and other bugbears of the road, but I am afraid they have done very little to gain this end. In fact, more often than not, their own driving was worse than the culprits they were supposed to catch, thereby increasing, instead of decreasing, the danger.

However, I am glad to learn that the Metropolitan Police have at last realized that they must do something, and instructions have been issued to all officers to give special attention to the bad driver and put a stop to his misdeeds. This force has been in operation since the commencement of 1930, and it would almost seem that from that date to this the only previous instruction it had was to bring to book those drivers who parked their cars in the highway one minute longer than they were allowed to do. Perhaps now the Mobile Police will leave this pastime to their confrères on foot, should this at all be necessary, and carry out work more worthy of their name. I only hope that they know the difference between the good and bad driver, otherwise they will do more harm than good.

At the same time instructions were also issued for a careful watch to be kept for those drivers who do not signal their intentions, but leave the drivers behind to guess as best they can and then do the opposite! In fact, the police have had explicit instructions to summons motorists who do this kind of thing. Taxi-drivers are the worst offenders, and if the instructions of Lord Trenchard are carried out to the letter I can imagine the Police Courts being crowded to capacity with these drivers. They never seem to have any consideration at all for other road users but crawl along by the side of the kerb, suddenly turn in any direction without the slightest warning, and generally misbehave themselves. It is a wonder to me that they are not involved in more accidents than they are, but I suppose one must not forget the old saying that the devil looks after his own!

The most satisfactory method, from my point of view, to get over this difficulty would be to make automatic direction indicators a compulsory accessory on all vehicles, and to obtain the best results all indicators should be of a standard design, otherwise every other car would be fitted with a different sign and one would get confused as to their exact meaning. Quite a number of manufacturers now fit these indicators as a standard part of their equipment, but on the other hand there are an equal number who do not, and full benefit cannot be derived until they are in universal use. Again, taxi-cabs are usually fitted with a terrific lock steering which tempts the drivers to take that little extra risk which quite often meets with disaster, and I am sure that if ordinary steering were adopted they would not dare take this extra risk and fewer accidents would, therefore, take place. It would naturally not be so convenient from the taxi-drivers' point of view, but the major consideration should be the question of safety.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE: The Humber "Twelve" driven by Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Martin in the Alpine Trial (Group 3, 1,500-2,000 cc.) which gained sixth place in this strenuous test. Mr. Martin reports that the car arrived on time at all checks and he had a perfectly trouble-free run

As everybody knows, the Ford Motor Company is one of the biggest and most up-to-date organizations of its kind in the world, with factories in practically every country which uses motor cars to any great extent. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that the Ford car is the only motor

(*Cont. on p.* 304)

From the letter of a Barrister-at-Law

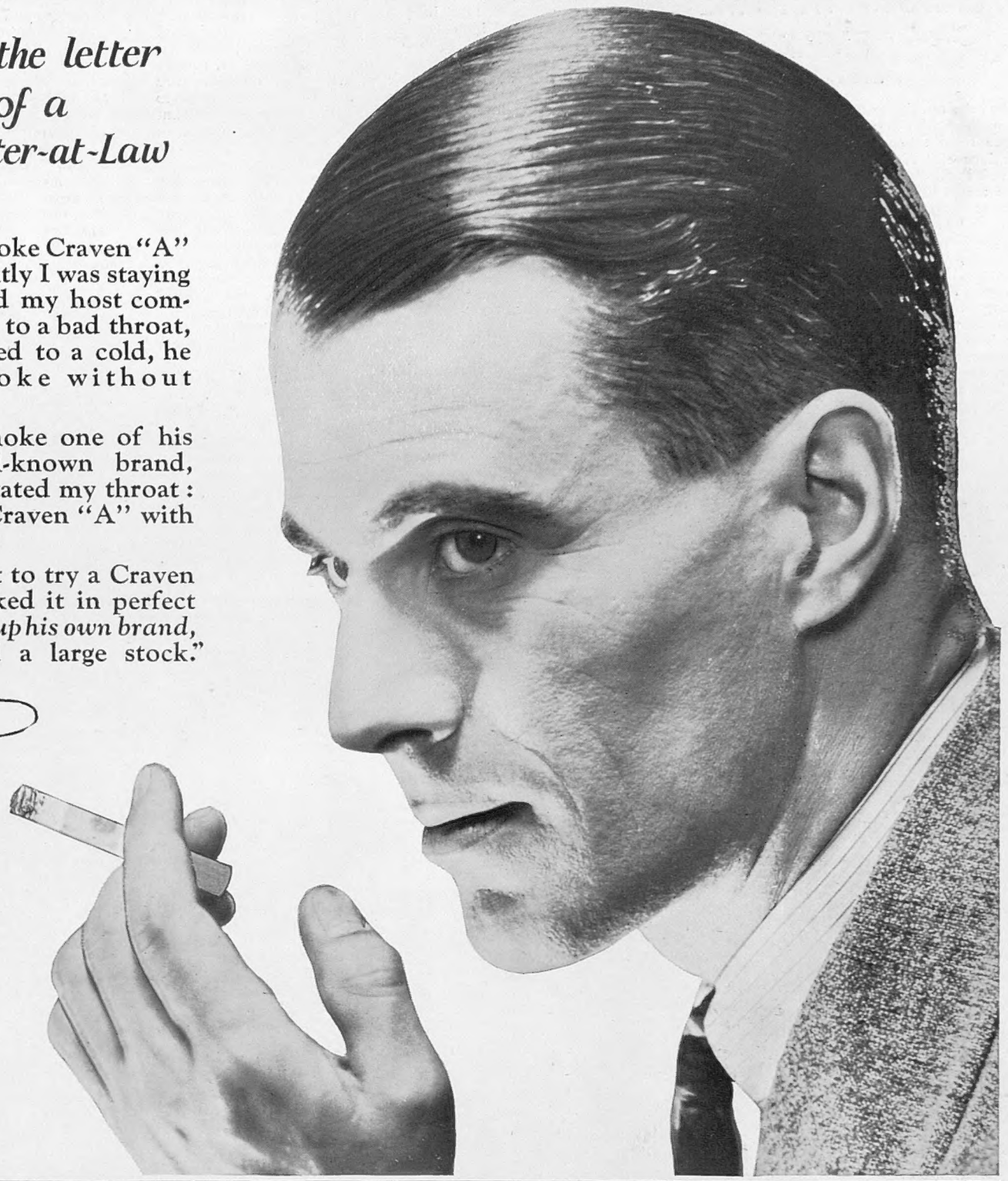
To Carreras Ltd.,

"I myself always smoke Craven "A" Cigarettes. Recently I was staying in the Country and my host complained that owing to a bad throat, which he attributed to a cold, he could not smoke without discomfort.

I happened to smoke one of his cigarettes, a well-known brand, and it at once irritated my throat: I then smoked a Craven "A" with no ill-result.

I induced my host to try a Craven "A" and he smoked it in perfect comfort, and *gave up his own brand,* of which he had a large stock."

(The original testimony can be verified at Arcadia Works.)



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100% VIRGINIA
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Made specially to prevent sore throats

C.A.3.

CHINA'S THREATENED EMPIRE

(Continued from p. 279)

their rule, but the grumbling of the Red Army and mass of workers who were lacking even common necessities drove them to spare no effort to open up commercial relations with Kashgar, the frontiers of which had been closed by order of the Tao Ing, the Chinese Governor. The artful Chinaman understood only too well to what danger the opening of the frontiers would expose the country by admitting the agents of the world revolution.

The Governor-General of the Province of Sin Kiang, however, who resided at Urumchi, a long way from Kashgar, had other views. Some mysterious bargain with the Bolsheviks induced him to look with favouring eye upon the opening of the frontier and resumption of commerce with the Soviet authorities. By his order the Tao Ing went up to Urkeshtan, a point on the frontier, to negotiate details there with the delegates from the Soviet.

The astute Chinaman took with him a whole band of respectable citizens of Kashgar, consisting largely of tradesmen whose property had been "nationalized" by the Soviets, or relatives of those who had been murdered by the Bolsheviks on the Russian side. The Soviet delegates, of whom three-quarters were Jews, were painting in their mind's eye rosy pictures of a very profitable piece of business, and a return home with an enormous caravan of all sorts of merchandize, and eagerly pressed to know how soon and under what conditions trade would be resumed.

"Before we talk about that," replied the Tao Ing formally, "I should explain to you that the form of government here in China is republican, and consequently all important questions are settled by elected representatives of the people. I, myself, have no authority and, according to our constitution, merely preside at this conference, where all questions are decided by a majority of votes. Refer your questions to these gentlemen," he continued, pointing to his attendant supers, who had been well rehearsed and, dressed in most elegant *halats*, were standing respectfully on one side awaiting instructions. These unanimously declared that they were ready to resume commercial relations immediately with the Soviet Republic, but first of all it was necessary to settle outstanding accounts and to pay in full all claims for damage done to citizens of Kashgar and all loss of property and goods, together with full compensation to the families of Chinese citizens killed by the Bolsheviks. Only on completion of these payments in full in gold or Chinese silver currency would they discuss the resumption of commercial relations.

The Bolsheviks were crestfallen. Their bright hopes of returning home with big stocks of goods came crashing to the ground.

"Listen to them," said the Tao Ing. "Listen to the voices of our representatives of the people. You know that ours is a democratic country and I can do nothing against the popular will."

The representatives of the "freest country in the world" could not dispute these convincing arguments, based as they were upon sound Marxian principles.

After some discussion among themselves, the Soviet delegates requested the Tao Ing to provide them and the starving garrison of Urkeshtan with food and fodder.

"With pleasure, of course I will; I will be most happy to do this," answered the Tao Ing reassuringly. "Please let me have a full schedule of your requirement."

The delighted Bolsheviks quickly drew up a long list of provisions and forage, not forgetting to include boots and warm clothing for the tattered garrison.

"And when may we count upon getting these things?" they asked, dying of impatience to have a good meal and some warm clothing.

"I cannot very well tell you exactly," replied the Chinaman quietly, "but there will be no delay directly I get the permission of the Central Government. I will send in your petition by special courier to Pekin to-morrow."

That meant that the delegates and Red garrison might expect the food and clothing in seven or eight months, provided the Pekin Government agreed.

The Bolsheviks returned crestfallen, but they will come back. How can distracted China hope to hold so remote a province?

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 302)

vehicle built in the Irish Free State. The factory is situated at Cork and is one of the biggest of its kind in the British Isles, and for some months past all Ford cars delivered in the Free State have been produced from Cork.

But the most remarkable feature about the factory is the fact that it has a farm inside its gates. The land which was not required for factory use has been cultivated entirely by tractor—no animals of any kind are seen inside the Ford works—and the vegetable crops grown are sold to Ford employees and in the open market.

THE NEW LONG-DISTANCE RECORD

(Continued from p. 297)

John Grierson.—Apart from the main flights of the Italians and French, the most interesting flight across the Atlantic is that of John Grierson, the former R.A.F. pilot, who left Brough, Yorks, on the 5th of this month for the 4,500-mile journey. He is now in Iceland, held up by engine trouble. His familiar black and red Gipsy Moth was fitted out for the venture with Blackburn seaplane floats, and it was the extra strain put upon the engine by this kind of work that caused the trouble.

His is no smash and grab aim at another record flight, but an effort towards solid constructive work in the future of commercial flying. G. C.

THE DOCKYARD GATES CLOSE

At 6.30 p.m. on Saturday, the crowds of visitors in Portsmouth Dockyard came streaming towards the gates to the crashing music of the Marines' band who led the way with the seamen of Nelson's day and the stalwart pikemen following. This great annual shilling show was over; the last joke cracked with the jolly tars. By 7 o'clock the Navy was itself again. All the gay bunting on the *Victory* came riffling down simultaneously. The decks of *Hood* and *Nelson* were once again quiet monasteries where discipline reigned. "Officers only" hung at the end of certain gangways to the battleships, still glittering in the waning light of a perfect evening. *Nelson* rode still and placid on an emerald green sea. Gradually and very gently the last wandering sightseers were induced to expedite their lingering farewells.

A little lad, somehow remaining undisturbed, gazed with intense interest at a seaman who was untying the bunting decorating the gangways leading to a bunch of submarines. "Please can I help?" asks a pleading, little voice. A solemn, momentary wink was the sole reply. The final naval souvenirs—chocolates and dolls—were disposed of, and the very last of us was without the gates, and order reigned.

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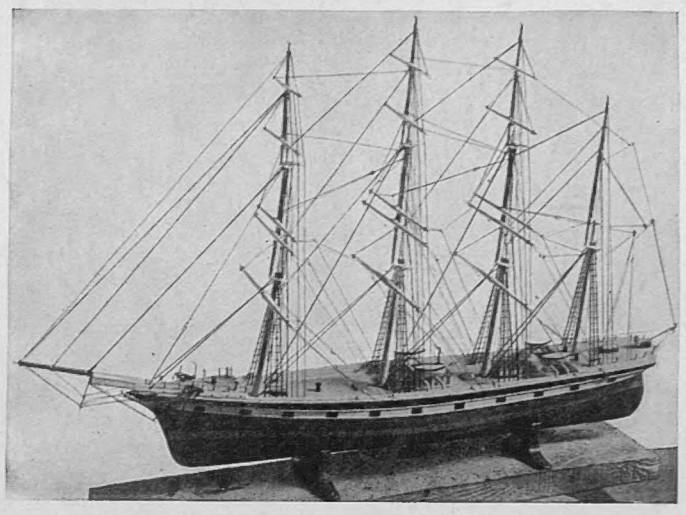
MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, are being made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

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